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January 9, 1973

Mr. Ed Ray
Box 500
Decker Road
Scottville, Michigan 49454

Dear Ed:

It occurs to me you and I should share our Bowling Green correspondence with anyone there at all. There is not a willing letter writer left among our kin left there and both of us need to know all that comes.

I'm still kicking myself for not getting in touch with you about Aunt Hettie's death. We could have put your names on the flowers we sent as easily as not. I wrote Lucille a condolences letter, but have received from her only the card enclosed. If she writes I'll send her letter on. She's living in town in a hotel. Her address is P. O. Box 795, Bowling Green, Kentucky 42101.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

Enclosure

Letter to Louise Rickards from JMR 1-9-73
" from " " 1-2-73

(Jan. 1973)

11:30 AM 1/12/73
Malaga, Ohio

This is an early hour but when
a man can't sleep after 4 while
worrying about the Robin still
here. It has happened here since
the bird was setting for 4 weeks
it must be a turkey as a hen
hatches in 3 weeks.

Since Sylvia tells you every
thing. I'll tell you something that
happened at the wedding. We went
to Union Ky. about 10 miles from
Cincinnati Ohio in Glenn's car
Connie went with us. We got
there 2:30 for the 3 o'clock wedding.
Sylvia & Bob were there.

Bruce Ferguson the County Judge
is some Pin Pong player. We
should have sent him to ^{China} ~~the~~
He beat Joe so much he wouldn't
play him. No one in the family
(I mean the 4 warpers also) can beat Joe
except Jack. So the judge was
looking forward to Jack. So it
had to happen. Bruce got first game
Jack the second, so they were tied.
The judge was worried he had to
win the next 20 he did.

Joe's Mother-in-law the Judge's wife is a primary teacher so my primary teacher I got with her and did they talk shop while the Judge and I talk charcoal cattle. He has 110 brood cows and 4 Bulls and 790 acres of good land.

The Judge rented a bull dozer and made a 10 acre lake by his own hands. Then he build a \$100,000 house on the Hyway and that lake. That's where Joe & Carol were married overlooking that lake thru 4 large glass doors.

Joe will graduate this year if he takes 22 hours this semester Carol has one more year I told you about her making straight A all thru college in Higher Math. They live in an apartment at 1400 Park Street one block from Aunt Fannie's house on the corner. Audrey & I gave him \$400 for a wedding present. He won't get to carry the mail at Western this sem with that 22 hours and take big test for Park service.

He has to read a big book over
 1/2 inch thick to get ready for the
 test. Jim Ed is a big shot in the
 Fed Park service at Big Island Va. Joe
 went to see him about a job.
 He said last year they had 200
 who took the test for 50 jobs.
 So they ~~test~~ started at grade 100
 by the time they got to 95 they
 had the 50 more. So if Joe makes
 above 95 on the test and takes
 a summer job he's in at 2,000.
 Jim Ed is making 16,000 now. Some
 of his boys are over 200 and
 so is he, he's big as Joe Wilson.
 He carries a big 44 on his side.
 so we had better say Sir to him.
 I have 10 Charolais cows now,
 but no bull. But I won't need
 one until June. One cow at
 1400 lbs will calve in Feb. it will
 be a Purebred if a bull it should
 bring 500 if a heifer less.

Love to all

Uncle Bill

I am having the time of my
 life building lakes, horses
 and watching my fine cattle
 grow and washing dishes for all.

This a good idea clipping letter
of the same family together
as so many eggs in this
robins nest won't put the
name of the town where
they live at the head of their
letter. Is it because they are
ashamed of that name?

I want some one to get a
picture of Aunt Ruby & Aunt
Linnree which is normal
the way they looked the most
of their life. These are beautiful
pictures of them while they
were sick. Before they were
sick they were the prettiest
women I ever saw.

**The Monroe County Beacon, Woodsfield, Ohio
Plans Summer Wedding**



Miss Connie Williamson

Mr. and Mrs. ~~Everette~~ ~~Williamson~~, of ~~the~~ ~~main~~ ~~over~~ Road, Woodsfield, announce the engagement of their daughter, Connie Jewel, to Ray Glenn Ray, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ray, of Jerusalem.

Miss Williamson is a senior at Woodsfield High School. Mr. Ray attended Morehead State University, Morehead, Kentucky, where he will be a sophomore in the Fall. He is presently employed by North American Coal Company.

A summer wedding is being planned.

1-14-73
Valaga Ohio

Dear Robin -

Many thanks for your concern over my health. I must be better since, as Sylvia told you, I plan to undertake a brand new project next fall and am very enthusiastic about it.

When I went to University Hospital in Columbus I had been having trouble for over two years with my left side and back and was very worried. After a week's stay there and many X-rays and tests, it was revealed that my old trouble was arthritis of the spine, but it was found that I had a malfunctioning heart valve (a mitral valve prolapse). The medicine I was given for my heart violently disagreed with me and I felt much worse than before I went to the hospital. A doctor here told me to stop taking this medicine immediately as it could cause heart failure in my case. My chest felt like it was in a vise and I had a smothering sensation and great shortness of breath. I stopped taking the Endoral and my symptoms began to ease up a little. The doctor here thought that I was very nervous and worried about my new problem and that that was probably aggravating my condition. He prescribed valium and it began to help a great deal, so he must have been right. I am able to carry on my teaching duties here, but my housework suffers.

Although for quite some time I had been in my mind planning to go to Ky. to live near Sylvia, Bob & that darling Rob, the thing that actually precipitated my decision was that I sneaked a peek at my record from Col. U. Hospital (which was sent to my doctor here) when he was out of the room and what I read made me definitely decide to go ahead and not wait for years. The report said that with patients who had a history of mitral valve prolapse, there was a

very high incidence of sudden death. This didn't frighten me at all since I didn't interpret it to mean the near future. In a way, it was comforting, because when I do go, I'd rather it be suddenly.

The house I bought is lovely in a beautiful location - directly across from the Country Club. We had to have waivers signed by the property owners in the subdivision in order to be able to establish a kindergarten there. I'll tell more about the house later. If all works out well, I can do well financially, but that remains to be seen.

Bill is happy with my decision too, which makes it nice. He wants to stay here at the farm for a while longer and build more houses he says - then sell this farm and buy one down there. He must always have a place where he can have a few animals and be able to plow the ground in the spring. He is quite self-sufficient - even when it comes to cooking for himself.

Bill told you about Joe's wedding. The girl is sweet and comes from a lovely family. She spent a few days with us for the past two summers, so we knew her a little. They have an apartment on Park St. She is a junior this year - majoring in math.

Olenn's girl is as red-headed as can be. She's a sweet girl too. We're so lucky with our children's chosen mates.

The weather here has been wonderful for ice skating and the boys have been having lots of fun on our hill. ~~I don't want to go to the ice skate, but I'd be afraid to try it now - I know I'd break something.~~

I can't believe I've written all this. There's still lots more to tell but I'll save some for next time.

Lone.

Audrey

Mrs. William F. Sutter
806 Dexter Street
Ludington, Michigan 49431

Jan. 21, 1973

Dear Robin,

Mother just remarked that it has just been three weeks since the Moores were here, and we were all together for New Year's Eve dinner. It seems much longer. We had a good Christmas vacation with them here, although the weather didn't cooperate. We had no good snow storm while they were here and have had none since. The green grass is showing everywhere today. Audrey we envy your boys skating on a pond. We have almost no ice and there is no skiing at the big resorts. It is really a strange winter for us, and I'm not sure I like it.

We are busy planning a trip to Williamsburg and Washington, D.C. with the children during spring vacation. Easter is so late this year that our vacation is going to be April 2 and not involved with Easter at all. We are hoping that it won't be so crowded this year, but it may be a vain hope. Our tour guide says

not to go between March 15 and May, because
of the crowds, but we haven't much choice.
Have you any tips to offer, Uncle Joe and
Aunt Jettie? Bill has written our congressman
for various tickets, and we've written to Holiday
Inn in Washington for reservations. Whether
we can get them or not remains a question.
I haven't been to Washington since the time
we visited you and Aunt Ruby when I was
a junior in high school. The children
are really looking forward to it.

The London flu is making great
strides around here now. None of us
has had it so far. I would be happy
if we all escaped it as it sounds like
it takes some time to recover from.

The Robin was extra good this time
with all of the letters from Texas, Ohio,
Kentucky and California. Keep up the good
work.

Love,
Bert

Scottville, MI
Rte 2, Box 500
Jan, 21, 1973

Dear Folks,

The Robin staggered in a month late this time around, but then the Holidays are not conducive to moving the bird along. One just has to remember a favorite quotation from Browning to understand it. It stated a truism to the effect that, "Irks care the cropful bird or frets dare the maw-crammed beast". And so it has been a period of lethargy. There are good reports from all points of the compass involving the Pay tribe. At the outset of this year it is appropriate to welcome new and delinquent contributors in the person of Scott, Dorothy and Sally. It's good to have your contributions. Let's keep it up!

The Christmas Holidays will never be the same again with Ruby and Virginia missing, but it is hoped that time may heal part of the loss. I suppose that with the loss of each dear friend or loved one, one dies a little himself and finally one lives in a void or is forced to make new friends or develop new loved ones. Concern for one's fellow man is certainly a quality that is transferable, hence, the void resulting from loss may be filled by the younger generation. But then the idea that pervades our time is that the young and the old do not understand each other that they naturally grow apart. Not so, or rather it need not be so. The ancient Greek and Roman civilizations knew and taught their young all of the fine points of human living, most of which are the same today, the only real difference between the the great philosophers of the Greek and Roman and philosophers today lay in the matter of human slavery. In their system the uneducated and the stupid did not concern them, the "hewers of wood" and the "drawers of water" were made for that purpose, they thought. When one considers social ethics, logic, their literature, little or no improvement has been made since these great philosophers lived. One is amazed at what they knew about the mind and nature of Homo sapiens. They did their job so well and completely that no one since ancient times has improved upon the basics of what they did. There are certain values of human living that do not change or if so the ones concerned destroy themselves in the process. Civility, decency, honesty, humility, reliability, ambition, aspirations and many other attributes of man has made society as we know it possible. It took 2,000,000 years to establish these human values and mankind's social system did not begin until he began to learn these human values based on his own nature.

There are known to have been no less than thirty distinct races of men who lived at one time or another, but only one, Homo sapiens, has survived and this one survived only because ~~only because~~ it accumulated some values that made it possible for great numbers of the species to exist and spread over the planet. It's no wonder that every nation on earth has at one time or other concerned itself with values which contribute to its survival. Hundreds of nations have disappeared, others overrun and destroyed by more powerful nations. The power struggle between masses of people has heated up in proportion to the population increase, but the human population increase is not the only factor. There are many others, but the main one on which all others depend is population dynamics. There just isn't enough natural resources to go around and the usable technology that has been available has never been able to meet the demand, nor will it likely do so on a world-wide scale. Our energy crisis will be with us always as will hunger. Even if we ate everything that grows including wood, the food supply would not meet the demand with the breeding potential of nearly 3 1/2 billion people, nor would space either.

This Christmas was the first time this branch of the Ray tribe has celebrated Christmas and a large time was had by all. We ate together at least five meals. We put the two tables together which accommodated all of us. Bill Sutter made considerable record of the occasions by photograph of all eleven of us. Maybe he will include some copies in a future circuit of the Robin. I think everybody got more than enough to eat, but there was no after meal snooze. The meal session graded into gab sessions, and continued into late hours. But then there was a lot of catching up.

One incident I think shows an unmistakable notion conceived by the youngest member of the tribe, little Jenny. The larger kids placed the chairs around the combined table and they arranged a high chair at the end. Pam thought Jenny would sit. When I started to lift Jenny into the high chair, she twisted out of my grasp and ran over to the place I was to eat and climbed up into my chair and announced, "I'm a 'BIG GIRL'!" I was somewhat disgusted with her at the time and told Pam, "She'll raise the Devil until she gets a chair like the rest of you!" We should have been smart enough to know that the arrangement would not do. I loved the way she said, "I'm a big girl"! We won't make that mistake again. When she was about a year old, she spread her food all over herself and the table but at three she is as clean a little eater as I ever.

Yesterday, Sunday, The Sutters were out for dinner and I had very little luck getting anybody but Bebe and Bevette to contribute. Eric has some front loose teeth and at the dinner table he remarked that that "It's hard to eat with his loose front teeth," but I think he's not so bad off as he thinks. I counted five cobs of fresh frozen corn that Jo froze last summer from the garden. He is a fine looking youngster as are all of the rest.

Audrey, that was a fine letter you wrote in the Robin this time. Have been missing your contribution for months. And "Miss Sylvia" did an excellent job but Mr. Bob fell out this time. Hope Kindergarten deal works out satisfactory, Audrey. Should you not take a long rest before you actually start the kindergarten? Will E, If you are going to sell the farm, why do you want to stay down there to build another house? You are too old to live alone and batch. Remember in the last Robin or telephone call to you, you mentioned that it was hard to find a clean dish around the house. That was when Audrey was in the hospital. Better take it easy. You could work yourself into an invalid's position.

Joe and Jettie, I wrote you a long letter which I should have mailed yesterday but I didn't go to the post office. You will get it before you get the Robin. Em, let's hurry the Bird on its way

Ed and Bill seem to love the cold fresh air of which we have a surplus. They took long walks and played with Jenny in what snow we had while they were here. A couple of days after they left we had no snow and it rained for ten days-- and we still don't have any. I never saw that happen before in the 23 years we have lived here. One can expect to be hit below the belt in Feb. or March. We plan to be away most of March, down south. May make the rounds to include Jim Ed. We'll plan to spend some time in New Orleans.

Now if anybody is still aboard it's testimony to your determination to "Hold her nozzle against the bank 'till the last galoot, is ashore." Quote: Jim Bloodso

AND SO MAY WE WISH YOU ALL MANY
MOORE HANHY NEW YEARS!

Ed Ray

Dear Robin

How are you? Friday's got over
the mumps. Today Pam drove me around
and around the circle at Grams.

Then she tried some parallel parking.
Gram found some corn + beans in
her garden and we had them for
lunch. There's only a few patches
of snow here so it's not very
cold. Well by for now



Love

Laura

January 22, 1973

Dear Folks,

The Robin arrived in Michigan Friday, and we will mail it today - Monday. Ed and I came home from a shopping tour in Ludington late Friday afternoon and found the Bird in the mailbox along with a letter from Emily. Ed got a good fire going in the fireplace while I put supper in the oven, and then we sat by the crackling fire and enjoyed reading all of the letters straight through. It was a great treat to hear from so many first-hand. We missed Bob Tatum's contribution. It was very nice to have Dorothy's entry, and I hope she continues to write. Audrey, welcome back, and our thanks especially for such a long, newsy contribution! Scott and Sally, we appreciate your letters. Wilma, we would like a line from the school girl, and if it needs to be just a line, we will know why. ^{we keep looking for a letter from you Wilma!}
^{we want to hear from you personally, Ed & I.}

Our weather continues to amaze us. We have only patches of snow. I have bulbs coming up. Last night we had an ice storm, and Ed reports roads very slippery. We have had quite a bit of bright sunshine since Christmas.

The Sutters were here for dinner yesterday, but only Barbara and Laura found time to write Robin letters. I called to see if others can write later, but they advised sending the Bird on to California.

The Texas Christmas picture added interest on this round. Where were the young ones?

Joe Wilson, Ed is convinced that you sent him a pair of your own pants. He says you are the only one in the family they would fit! Not one of the three pairs fits Ed, and so he must not be Cinderella. Just don't try so hard!

We have talked with Lucille, and she seems to be adjusting very well. The scary telephone call in the middle of the night was a blessing in disguise. She really wasn't safe there alone. She said that she really intends to come to see us this summer.

Some friends of ours are going on an African tour next month and have insisted on our going with them. We have visited them, and they have returned our visit within the week, but we still are convinced that we had rather stay right here for the time being. We may go south in March.

It is time for the mail.

Love, Joanna

Ans'd by hand.

1-27-73

Dear Joe & Jittie,

Thanks for the letter, Joe. The Rabbin came yesterday after over two months delay. Em seems to be the main culprit. Tomorrow we will send it on its way. The Sutters are coming out to dinner Sunday. Tomorrow and will have a letter writing bee. It's not hard to get the kids to write in it; nor Bill, but Bebe has always some excuse or will write later but never does. This week all of the kids have been sick at one time or another except Eric who has lost no school time. He's getting to be quite a young man, but he's lost some of his ingenuity.

When Ruby died, I stayed at Joe Wilse's for one night and when I moved out to make room for the mill B's we went to a motel. In the shuffle I lost a shirt and a pair of nice socks. I mentioned the loss to Joe Wilse and he said they were still at the Park St place and that he would send them to me. When he made the rounds he found three pairs of pants none of which was mine, but he sent the whole assortment to me. I now have 3 pairs of pants that belong to some of the family.

Pair #1 = 36" x 32" Sears & Roebuck. Perhaps Bebe's
" #2 = 34" x 31" Cotton, blue. No brand mark
pants
#3 = 36" x 33" Brown mingled cheap dacron. I believe - no tag (over)

Is either pair yours? If not have you any
idea who the owner is? I will send them
to whoever claims them. One pair may belong to
Will B. Jr. I checked with Joe Wilse on the 36" x 33"
and he didn't claim them. Please drop me a
note right away if either or all of them belong
to you.

This has been the damndest winter we have
experienced since moving here. It was very much
like last ~~year~~ winter when you were here except
more so. During Christmas there was practically
no snow on the ground and it was comparatively
warm all during the holidays and it got kind of
rough a few days after you left. But this year the
mild weather has continued until now, temp.
in the 40's & 50's, unprecedented for an area half
way between the equator and the North pole.
We are just 40 miles South of this imaginary
line and normally our roughest weather is
Jan. and Feb., but there is yet time to make up for it.
There wasn't enough snow to use the snowmobile
while the Messers were here. Instead they took
walks but only one mile East and back. After
they left, Jan and I did the same stretch and have
tried to walk the square mile you did but we haven't
got around to it. The day we went, the chill index
was -25 below ^{wind 18 mph} but we both wore snowmobile suits
which were warm but our faces on the way back almost
froze. We will make the sq. mile soon as soon
as it warms up to it.

During this mild spell, it rained every day
until the past 2 days. I used the past two days to make work
with another old sodger about like me. So we each had
a truck and went to the Spruce place. But I took the
precaution and the trouble to also make another trip
to get the ~~vacator~~ over there. We got both trucks

struck and almost ³ ~~thick~~ stuck all three pieces
of machinery. yesterday was warm and it rained
hard. we both got as wet as coats. and Jo
took me back to get the tractor during a lull in
the rain. when I started out from the spruce place
on the tractor, I made it half way home
(1 1/2 miles) and then it poured rain. I was running
the tractor top speed thru big puddles of water
on a dirt road. when I got home after dark I had
mud all over me, even in my phobots. A warm
soaking bath saved that and last night
my self winding watch last on tour in time
which means that I never even twitched a muscle
for the greater part of the night. But, of course,
I maintain a clear conscience which makes a
big difference. Monday with a lot more of a
prediction of weather, warm and fair. This time we
will try the Busckemus place which is sandy
and little chance of getting stuck. I bought me a half
light weight chain saw which I have fun using.
of course, while I'm cutting road I'm also grading
up the parent by taking out the mud trees.

It was good to have Sally, Scott, and Dorothy in the
kitchen this time around. Did Sally ever send in the
story about the 2x4s to Readers Digest. She should
for that was an excellent story and high humor
she never got any prints I made of the pictures
I made of you and Jettie when you were here. I will
we are going to head for New Orleans in about
a month. Will go in the camper. Will visit in Ky.
on the way down.

The media is hot after Nixon for being so
reticent to explain his action concerning North Vietnam.

I think he leveled much of North Vietnam
in order to give South Vietnam a better chance
to survive against N. Vietnam. I think if
it had been in his place I would have
done the same thing only sooner. I'm
fed up with these people who easily forget
what the N. Vietnam military did to thousands
of South Vietnamese people in brutal attacks
on civilians all over South Vietnam. Then
grieve over destruction wrought over
~~Hanoi~~ etc - There would have been no
destruction in North Vietnam if the S.C.'s
had stayed home. The media either conscious
or either wise have twisted values completely, so
much so that most people would rather see
S. V. destroyed than N. Vietnam. There was no need
for the destruction of either. People on issues of war
and peace tend to choose up sides on what the press
and media do and say until there is no other
solution except war. Then war never settles
anything. The same routine of cold war follows
after every major war, or even small ones. Where
emotions hold sway there is no place for logic to play
a part. The saddest thing in my memory is the way
opponents in Congress became extremists against
their own government and many of them
expressed the hope that N. Vietnam wins. No
wonder North Vietnam has been negotiating
a peace settlement for over four years. Trojan
horses are useful in performing agonies on
innocent people who had nothing to do with hostilities.
Love
[Signature]

January 29, 1973

Dear Robin Readers,

Jenny has just finished the second in her new art series: pictures of people! This second picture was by request and I got a real winner. We have a few cardboard and plastic picture frames for this kind of art - it gets "rotated" every few weeks. Jen's picture just got framed for our bedroom wall and she is feeling pretty proud - as we are. She has spent part of the morning today watching "Sesame Street" and the rest being her own creative self. She's my "Little Bear", as she is fond of saying. I am resisting comparing her drawings with any kind of "Draw-A-Man" psychology test. I'm sure she is gifted! Naturally.

We are slowly pulling out of the yearly doldrums referred to around here as "the Januaries". The return to Berkeley after clean, clear, open-spaced Michigan was a shock. And so was the return to school. We are putting renewed energy into the investigation of moving east. I think that the only thing I shall miss are the completely incomparable California summers here on the Pacific coast. I'm a lover of cool weather and that time of year here has a subtle beauty and character which I have not found elsewhere. Of course, there are also the Sierra winters, but then that can be somewhat matched at Zummat and other favorite spots. If one can afford to get there! I know that the Sutters will not agree about California summers, but if one gets used to it, it's truly a captivating thing. Sort of like Lawrence's love for the desert.

I managed to get away this weekend for a few days in the mountains. Two teachers and a dozen kids snowshoed or skied into a cabin 5 miles from the road up near Donner summit. It's about 7,500, clear, 15 feet of powder snow and bright sunshine all day. We did some peak climbing on Saturday and, having forgotten to bring crampons along, almost got stranded up there. We managed to kick holes in the ice and crawl down! Cross-country skiing is really catching on out here and we saw perhaps 20 people in the area on Sunday, but few if any of them ventured beyond the first ridge where the real solitude and wilderness lay.

Please, Joe Wilson, don't let all that Allen County folklore get away from ya! I enjoyed that saying about the frog and lips, etc. But that's the way real folklore is - obscene, offensive to some, funny, sharp at descriptive character and well worth looking at, mostly because it is so honest in expression. If you don't care to put it all in the Robin, I'd appreciate it if you sent some to me - written or taped. You probably know that people have been honoring Brown County, Indiana, with that sort of study. Now it's Allen County's turn!

Love to all,

Bill Moore

January 29, 1973

Dear Robin, John,

The Robin arrived Saturday night and I
there is so much news this time. Lots of
changes are taking place in the W.B. Bay family.
They all seem good to me. The wedding should be nice,
like a lot of fun. I mean wedding should be nice,
for. I had like to see, but I'm busy, as you
kindergarten understood I was young enough to
it! It is really really for really about 20
we are lucky, who will get admitted to the room.
Bill has told most of our feelings. It
rain and rain here. The first without water
over they start swimming here in 1849.

State, impressive, don't it? We haven't met
most floating yet, but the ground is pretty
well saturated with water now. I have
all around me have started during storms.
The picture of the 20 foot deep is
great! It's but you were having a nice time,
I think you will have great times here. You
could have been in, too - and the kids. I hope
things are quiet for you all. I know they
must be.

I'm going to try to get this mailed
before the post office closes. I'll let
know the post office about. I'll let
you know. But make it you all for a
nice February. We'll look forward to
seeing the first again next year.

Love,
John

817 University Ave
El Paso, Texas 79902
Feb 5 1973

Children:

The Robin has been here for a couple of days and I'm just now getting down to it. I find that any kind of sustained close work, like writing a long letter, tends to cause my blood pressure to rise a bit, so I'll take it slow.

The entire crew here is in good shape. Saturday night Jettie and I kept Beth & Mike to give David & Dorothy a movie night out. Sally's crew is thriving. Her regular maid is taking 5 weeks of vacation down in Old Mexico & she will have a substitute maid. Joey, now 4, is learning English and Spanish both, and seems to be able to handle the Spanish about as well as English. Mike is talking as well as any $2\frac{1}{2}$ year old I've seen outside of Jenny Scott, we presume, is back teaching, although we have not heard from him since he returned after his Christmas vacation at Jamaica.

Will B., send the Robin to Scott at
12 Market Street,
Leicester, N.Y. 14481

and, Scott, write Barbara some goop on what to do about going to Williamsburg in March. My guess is they will have any kind of theatrical production at that time. Barb, I know you and Bill will have a real junket to that part of the country. Washington is the real big part of the trip of course, with the Capitol, the Monuments, etc. etc.

(2) I don't envy you the trip, since I had so much of it in my time, but for a gang of youngsters it is something well worth doing, the House and Senate, the White House, the Arlington Cemetery (Lee Mansion) and Mount Vernon. You'll run your legs off. What you really need is Jettie there as tour guide - she would see to it that you didn't miss a trick.

Some new ones are in the Robin this time and others have not yet in this time. I guess you can't get all your coons up one tree. We miss Wilma, Bob, and Bill Sutter and all kids but Laura, but we're delighted to have such a fine letter from Audrey, showing such a bounding attitude toward her planned new enterprise! I hope the separation will be too long drawn out, & I shudder at Ole Will B. having to fetch and carry & wash dishes for himself. Some of my most vivid recollections are of him sitting like Solomon hollering for women folks to come wait on him.

The winter has been milder than usual, here, I believe, just as in Scottville. Only Joel and I have had the flu - Jettie passed it and made her 10 day trip to Central Texas to represent me at a Loan Committee meeting & got back with no untoward health developments. She was in Austin during the Johnson funeral doings, but the weather was so cold and wet and the crowds were so large that she got in on none of it. She's on a tear now here at home cleaning out her flower beds in preparation for Spring.

(3)

You will be now have noted my preoccupation with my new Bic felt-point pen. I've got still another color for the next page, so you'll just have to hold on - or else move on to some of the better letters - of which this Robin has many.

I received a good letter from Lucille Scott. She has moved into town & is staying no longer at the farm. She's at the Downtown Hotel which Louise Richards tells me is the building at 11th and State Streets, across from the Methodist Church which used to be the YMCA when I was a kid - and it wasn't new even then. Once I climbed up in the second floor window to sneak a look at a BSBV basketball game (no money for tickets; I was 13 or 14) and Charlie Harman and John Hill opened the 3rd floor window above me & poured a big bucket of water on me. I jumped to the ground & grabbed a rock and threw it at them, jeering and laughing, and they jerked the window down just in time for my rock to bust the 3rd floor window pane. The whole town buzzed for months about the dirty dog who would bust a YMCA window with a rock & not own up. So far as I know, neither Charley nor John ever told, and I didn't either. As if the evening wasn't already spoiled for me, when I reached around front to hop on my bike, somebody had stolen it. It was the only bike I ever had - I bought it for 12 dollars of paper route earnings from Ed Glasscock, who later, I was told did time in the state pen.

Bill Moore I could be sentenced or some

of Ray Harman's stories about Settle, Allen County, Kentucky, but I remember only a few of them without reminders. Joe Wilson, tell us one or two. One I remember involved their recent acquisition of an ice cream freezer & an old backwoods boy came by & bolted down two smacks of the ice cream and the roof of his mouth so jammed him he ran off down the road yelling he was dying & never came back or ate ice cream again. I can still hear my snicker and slap his leg when he told it.

Joe Wilson, you're wrong - you tell the old stories well. Glenn, I like the looks of that little Connie Williamson. Seems the young Ohio clan is specializing in redheads. How about Joe Adin's Carol; is she a redhead too. Put in an address for that fair. Park Street isn't enough. 1400

Andrey, keep on with good letters like that one & power to you on the new project. Will B., I hate for you to keep on building those houses. Its bound to be a strain.

Laura, hope you got over the mumps all right. Enjoy the trip to Wellenaburg & Washington, you Ludington denizens. I know you - ins at Seathills are put out with no snow for two winters in a row. Ed, hope the stray gants find a home. Eddard, that high flower philosophizing you favor us with is nifty as a fruit cake in spots, but I love you, balusiness & all.

Bill Moore, keep after Joe Wilson if he doesn't respond to your cry for Allen County stories if he doesn't allow this time. Civil, buy that sweet Jenny for us. Bob & Wilma, chide in. Love, L. W. S.

Feb. 8, 1973

Dear Robin -

The Robin is a fine way to keep up with everyone & hear of all the "doings." Sounds like all of you had good holidays & are greeting the new year with much gusto.

Things in El Paso are never dull. My little girls keep me very busy & at the same time their grandparents.

Judy is doing better in school now that Christmas is over. She's very active in band & has been first chair a time or two.

Joely is so out to lunch its pretty hard to explain her activities. Her middle name is Marie & this morning as Daddy was headed to UTEP he calls good-bye to her. She hears "Bye Joely Marie" & she in turn says "Bye, Pappy Marie." I guess she thinks everyone's middle name is Marie.

Im right in the middle of re doing my room. The colors strike my mother as a bit wild but I keep insisting that with curtains, etc., it should calm down some. I also have some friends putting up a frame for my water bed. Its been on the floor for two yrs. & Ill sure be glad to get out of bed rather than crawl on the floor & then up!

Love, Bob

2/12/73

Dear Robin:

It was great reading the Robin again! Hope some day that I will meet everyone in person. The Ray household on Roxbury are now down with colds or whatever, and to think that just two weeks ago we were congratulating ourselves on having gone through most of the winter with everyone hale!

Jethro, David and I went to see Johnny Cash over in his Acres the other nite - he is really good - sings up a storm. And of course while there had to have dinner at his Post. Our only disappointment was that June Carter was down with



the flu and couldn't make it.
Beth & Michael are not letting
their colds slow them down. She is
all excited about her Valentine
Day party at school tomorrow. And
Michael is having fun as usual
annoying the dog.
Love, Dorothy

Feb. 14, 1973

Dear Robins;

Usually Wednesdays are right easy for me but this one has developed into quite a full one. I always do my grocery shopping as we get double stamps. Of course the crowd slows me up a lot but I still go on Wednesdays. Also fill up with gas as my station gives double stamps!

Being Valentine Day, I went down to our new Civic Center to get tickets for Joe and me to see Porter Wagoner who will be here the 28th. This is our Valentine for each other!

I've made Valentine cakes for David's and Ally's families since lunch, so I'm late starting my Robin letter, but am determined to get it in the mail as I go to deliver the cakes.

The Brown Rays have really been busy with weddings. We were not too surprised to hear that Joe Aden had married and are very pleased for them. I didn't meet Carol but Ruby and Virginia liked her very much, so she must be all right. Then the other day the announcement of Glen's and Connie wedding came in the mail just right after the Robin had come with the "summer wedding" clipping. Guess Glen and Connie didn't want Joe and Carol to get ahead of them! Our congratulations to all of them and all good wishes. Audry and Brown, we'll be waiting to hear more about all of it. Joe's wedding sounded just right. Now we'll want to hear about Glen's.

Barb, I hope this reaches you before you leave for Washington and Williamsburg because I want you to be sure and see the Folger Library. It is one of my favorite things to see and was always on "my tour". It is in the back of the block that the Library of Congress OR Supreme Court Building, I think. I could go to it, but can't be sure of my directions. But ask about it and be sure and go. It is a Shakespearean Library...even has a replica of the Globe Theatre. I think the older children would enjoy it. The Watergate Apartments, where our friends live and where we stayed when we were there a year ago Christmas, is across the street from the Kennedy Center. There are several eating places at the K. C. Also, a good cafeteria at the National Museum. In fact, almost every government building has a good cafeteria in it. Be sure and see L'Enfant Plaza. It has been built since we lived there but I saw it when we were there last. ONE other place you should go to for lunch if you can work it in, is the National Hq. of A.A.U.W. It is near the Kennedy Center and Watergate.

Emily and Bill, be sure and notice our Jade plant in the picture with Beth standing on our breakfast table. It is the pride of my life! Do you still have the big ones in your yard?

Ed and Joanna, if you get this before you leave on your trip South...have a good time and turn WEST when you get finished in New Orleans.

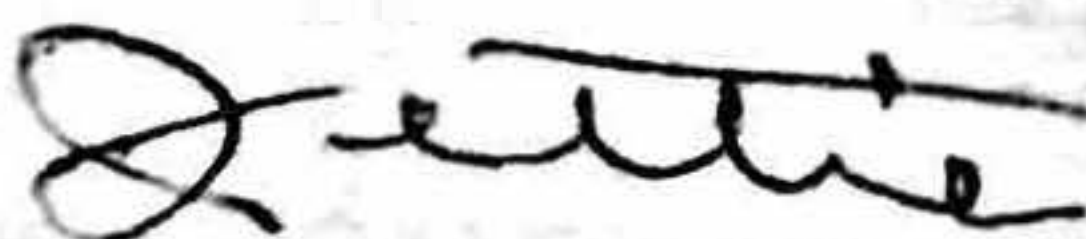
A nephew of mine, his wife and three children are meeting me, Judy, Jely and Beth at the Big Bend National Park during their spring break..the 10th. of March. We'll be there two nights then come to El Paso for a few days. His Spring break, like Bab's is not connected to Easter at all, but ours is. We'll have almost two weeks before and during Easter, but don't plan anything special.

Joe W., we love your betters and hope Wilma can give us more on the boys, etc.

Sylvia and Bob do a good job on keeping us up with everyone. Know you enjoyed Christmas with all of your doings! Those boys are lucky to have such a sister as you!

I doubt if anyone is with me so I'll get out and deliver my cakes and put this in the mail.

Love and good wishes to everyone,



William F. Sutter, M.D.
220 SOUTH JAMES STREET
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN - 49431

3-14-73

Dear Robin Readers:

Grad is getting apter us to get this bird is slight so I will add a quiet note. I'm waiting for the hospital to call so I can play stork.

I two weeks we will be on our way. Will go first to Williamsburg and then on up to Washington. Sure hope we get nice weather, Last year about this time Bob and I got snowed out of the Smokey Mtns. I'm sure we won't get to meet the interesting people Bob & I did.

Sorry to hear that Jenny had her accident.
Looks so simple the way Peter Pan does it.

Enjoyed the pictures. Will try and round
some up of ops to get in the next week.

Pam is now a legal driver (as long as there
is an adult along) She does quite well too.
She is also very innovative about avoiding
tight parking places.

Love to all

Bill S.

Scottville, MI
Decker Road
March 15, 1973

Dear Folks,

The Robin has taken what seems like ages to make its rounds. I called Will B to ask about where it was and he reported that it came to his place the day before but he had not had time to read it. I told him that reading the Robin comes first in this neck of the woods. The telephone call was very nice for we got to visit by phone with Audrey. I asked about Jack but I never learned why he didn't come to the phone.

When we left home to go to Higgins Lake, we took the Robin to the Sutters and asked them to mail it to Em and Bill expecting our contribution to the Robin to join the Robin at the Moores. Since we had time only to read the Robin, many ~~many~~ of the things we read would be worthy of comment but we never remember all of the item we would like to mention, however, a couple reports in this issue seems rather odd for two of the Patriarchs who regularly contribute to its volume. We hearⁱⁿ first report that this here Joseph Malchus, the youngest of the three patriarchs, and known by the diminutive of "Little Chulus" gets high blood pressure when he writes long letters in the Robin but he writes long letters never-the-less. Of course we all dote on what this little Chulus says and we are glad he said it. Close on the heels of his admission comes the testimony from Sir Will B, senior Patriarch of the Ray tribe, that he lost a \$500.00 bull calf aborting because he was writing a long letter in this issue of the Robin. I have examined both complaints carefully and I have arrived at the conclusion that in each case logic has taken flight from both of these "old timers". And speaking of bull calves, one might regard both complaints as each a small crock of B_2SO_4 , as we used to say in the Air Force. From these two nutty reports it seems that your humble servant is the only Ray Patriarch who holds strictly to logic and the truth.

Some of you may know that Little Jenny has recently broken her leg trying to prove to a playmate that^{3A} could fly like Mary Martin and Peter Pan. This brings to mind that her great uncle, Dr. Joseph, tried the same thing sixty years before Jenny. He was trying to prove to Jenny's grandfather that he could fly by taking off from the family coal shed at 1232 Kenton Ave. Bowling Green, Ky. In the case of Chullus, he broke nothing, only knocked the breath out of him when his knees folded up into his belly. He did go through considerable contortions trying to refill his lungs and this took some time. and much thrashing around. After he regained part of his lost breath he quickly used up what he had regain by bellowing to high Heave as he ran to the house to tell Mother what had befallen him and to gain her sympathy. I don't remember what she said to console him, but it didn't take long for him to straighten up and fly straight. Jenny was 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, Chullus about five which would have placed the first trial proof at around 1912

Chullus, I goofed up on the Robin routing to Will B. I told him that Scott asked to have the Robin by-pass him on this round but I find it was the last go around that he was talking about. So will you please route the Robin to Scott and direct Scott to route it back on the old schedule

Love,



REPUBLICAN TICKET
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
EDWARD M. RAY, SHERMAN AND
FREESOIL. RETIRED RESOURCE
USE SPECIALIST. 17 years
experience in Michigan and
Kentucky in state supervisory
positions.
YOUR VOTE WOULD BE APPRECIATED

TO THE VOTERS OF SHERMAN AND FREESOIL TOWNSHIPS:

I AM SEEKING THE OFFICE OF COUNTY COMMISSIONER, AND I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF TO YOU. I AM EDWARD M. RAY, A FARMER RESIDING IN SHERMAN TOWNSHIP.

I HAVE HAD 19 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN WORKING WITH PEOPLE AS TEACHER, PRINCIPAL, AND SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS. I SPENT THREE YEARS DURING WORLD WAR II AS AN OFFICER IN PILOT TRAINING. I HAD 16 YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS RESOURCE SPECIALIST IN KENTUCKY AND MICHIGAN. I AM A RETIREE OF THE MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES. ALL OF MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT IN WORKING WITH PEOPLE.

IN THE INTEREST OF BETTER COUNTY GOVERNMENT, I BELIEVE THAT SOME CHANGES IN PERSONNEL OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS ARE IN ORDER.

SHOULD YOU SEE FIT TO ELECT ME, YOU CAN BE ASSURED THAT I WILL REPRESENT YOU AND YOUR INTEREST, AS WELL AS THE INTEREST OF MASON COUNTY, TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY.

YOUR VOTE WILL BE APPRECIATED.

Edward M. Ray

Scottville in Mason County, W. Va.

Dear Folks,

We received this Bird around 11:00 P.M., but we sat at the kitchen table and read every line before we had lunch. We had rather read the Robin than eat! Bill and the two little girls stopped by later in the afternoon, and we sent it home with them.

Our strange winter continues in an unusual pattern. Grass is green, and flowers are coming up. We are having much rain, and the pond has almost inundated the island. On our trip to Higgins Lake we saw only patches of snow in deep woods. Ordinarily at this time there would still be deep snow in the area.

We spent one night in the camper at the Janie House parking area.

Our trip south may not materialize. Too many things keep delaying our departure, and the time is getting short. I must get plants started in my mini-hothouse!

Audrey, I don't envy you your moving job. I have wound up the school year and moved ^{at the same time} twice in the last ten years, and the ordeal is still fresh in my mind. Take it slowly!

I can't imagine Jennie hampered by a cast on her broken leg, but she will manage, I'm sure. I sprained my right ankle badly on our trip, and I surely thought I had matched the broken left, but I hardly

feel any soreness three days later.

Robins are everywhere this morning. Cardinals apparently are considering building just outside the window. I'm afraid they are rushing the season.

I must get in on the Ray Harman stories. My favorite is the one about the old lady who would moan and groan and complain, "Oh, my poor back, belly, and sides!" That phrase so fits my feelings at times, and we quote it often. Joe, you are a lot like your father, and your storytelling is good also. He like Joe Creason, too. Did you know, Joe, that we knew him slightly and all of his kith and kin at Benton? His grandmother lived nextdoor to my brother, and his aunt lived across the street. All of us attended the same church. He received his book, Joe Creason's Kentucky, for a Christmas present. Jim Ed probably remembers a day he and Ed spent with Joe many years ago when he ^(Joe Creason) photographed a snake-capturing trip.

You have a nice place to live, Joe, and I don't blame you for wanting to stay there. He liked what we saw of Lebanon, too, and it will be good for the Th. B.'s to be closer together.

So far, we have escaped London flu and all other varieties of ailments. Neither of us has even had a slight cold this winter. I hope the Texas Rays had only the one bout and are hale again.

Love,

Joanna

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

*The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want. He maketh
me to lie down in green
pastures: he leadeth me
beside the still waters. He
restoreth my soul: he lead-
eth me in the paths of
righteousness for his
name's sake. Yea, though
I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil: for thou
art with me; thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table be-
fore me in the presence of
mine enemies: thou anoint-
est my head with oil: my
cup runneth over. Surely
goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of
my life: and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord
forever.*

IN MEMORY OF
Edward M. Ray

DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH
DECEMBER 2, 1903
SCOTTSVILLE, KENTUCKY

DATE AND PLACE OF DEATH
MARCH 17, 1973
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

SERVICES FROM
DORRELL FUNERAL HOME
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN
2:00 P.M. — MARCH 20, 1973

OFFICIANT
REV. MR. JOE W. HARMON
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY

PLACE OF INTERMENT
LAKEVIEW CEMETERY
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

March 23, 1973

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myers
900 S. E. 14th Street
Deerfield Beach, Florida 33441

Dear Mimi and Charles:

I am sorry once again to be the bringer of bad news.

I am just back from Michigan where I attended the funeral of Ed Ray. He died of a massive stroke last Saturday, March 17. Will Brown and I are now the sole remaining members of this generation of the Joe Ed Rays. We were both at the funeral along with many other relatives, Ed's two daughters, and most of his grandchildren.

The funeral was preached by Virginia's son, Joe Wilson Harman; he did a beautiful job. His funeral sermon was perfect. It was a mixture of the testimony of a devoted nephew and the urgings of a Minister of the Gospel.

There was no forewarning of any kind of Ed's stroke. He fell at home, alone in his family room. Joanna had talked to him an hour before she got home, and he was doing fine. She found him there. The attack came sometime around 4 P. M., and he died at 8 that night. His son-in-law, Bill Sutter, a doctor, was with him almost immediately after discovery and rode with him in the ambulance to the hospital at Muskegon, sixty miles away, where he died.

We are all well here, except for me, who picked up a cold on the journey to the North country. I am really all right, just a bit wheezy.

Please pass the word along to Marie for me, and I will not write to her.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

March 23, 1973

Dr. and Mrs. William F. Sutter
806 Dexter
Ludington, Michigan 49431

Dear Barbara and Bill:

Thanks for your hospitality to me when I was there for Ed's funeral. I admire you people tremendously and it was a special privilege to have you as associates at that sad time.

Barbara, I fully expect sometime soon to get time to scribble some of the anecdotes about your uncles, to which you were so enthusiastically taken when we were there.

Ed Ray is quite as much a part of my life now as he was when he was present among us. So vital, vibrant, and human a person as he was cannot be excised from our hearts and minds. He will live with us as long as we ourselves are living.

Take care of yourselves and keep an eye out for that wonderful woman out on Decker Road.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

March 23, 1973

Mrs. Willard B. Moore
3120 Lewiston
Berkeley, California 94705

Dear Em:

I know that it is going to be hard to write the first letter in the Robin after your father's passing, but now above all other times is the time when he would want us to keep the Robin going. Let's rack it through in regular course.

Take care of yourself because we want the coming young one to be ushered properly into this wondrous world.

Give our best to Bill and give little Jenny a spot of affection for her Uncle Joe.

I got home with my fish-eating bear in fine shape. I will save comment on your Daddy for the Robin.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

March 23, 1973

Miss Odille Ousley
407 Landover Drive
Decatur, Georgia 30030

Dear Odille:

I am sorry once again to be the bringer of bad news.

I am just back from Michigan where I attended the funeral of Ed Ray. He died of a massive stroke last Saturday, March 17. Will Brown and I are now the sole remaining members of this generation of the Joe Ed Rays. We were both at the funeral along with many other relatives, Ed's two daughters, and most of his grandchildren.

The funeral was preached by Virginia's son, Joe Wilson Harman; he did a beautiful job. His funeral sermon was perfect. It was a mixture of the testimony of a devoted nephew and the urgings of a Minister of the Gospel.

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We are all well here, except for me, who picked up a cold on the journey to the North country. I am really all right, just a bit wheezy.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

March 26, 1973

Mr. and Mrs. Thee Ray
Miss Willie Ray
Scottsville, Kentucky 42164

Dear Willie, Thee, and Gladys:

Enclosed is an offprint of the little program they provided for Ed's funeral. My brother Will Brown and I are now the sole remaining members of this generation of the Joe Ed Rays.

Ed was in quite robust health with no appreciable ailments of any kind. He was seized by a stroke, later diagnosed as massive, in his favorite room at home while his wife Joanna was in town for an hour or so visiting their grandchildren. He had done some physical labor, but little more than was customary for him, and apparently was seized while lying on the sofa, from which he rolled off onto the floor. His wife found him there about an hour after she had talked with him on the telephone.

The funeral was attended by Joanna's two sisters and Ed's two brothers and other assorted kin. The sermon was preached by Virginia's son, Joe Wilson Harman, who did a beautiful job.

It occurred to me that you would like to know this latest development. I hope you get this letter; I regret having no better address for you than this. Please let me know if you receive this letter.

Take care of yourselves.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

Enclosure

March 26, 1973

Mrs. Rodgers H. Glenn
6533 Rolling Fork Drive
Nashville, Tennessee 37205

Dear Marcelle:

I am sorry to be the bringer of bad news.

I am just back from Michigan where I attended the funeral of Ed Ray. He died of a massive stroke on Saturday, March 17. Will Brown and I are now the sole remaining members of this generation of the Joe Ed Rays. We were both at the funeral along with many other relatives, Ed's two daughters, and most of his grandchildren.

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We are all well here, except for me, who picked up a cold on the journey to the North country. I am really all right, just a bit wheezy.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

March 26, 1973

Miss Louise McDonald
640 Washington Road
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15228

Dear Louise:

Thanks very much for your note of sympathy.

We are all doing fine here, except me; I picked up a bad cold in Michigan, where I went to attend Ed's funeral; your catalog of our bereavements omits the loss of Jettie's brother, all gone within the past calendar year.

Ed was in excellent health to the time of his fatal seizure. Almost anything could have led to the massive stroke that took him away, but the instant it occurred all hope of continued constructive living ended for him. He and we are fortunate that it took him away.

Joanna says she intends to stay at the farm. For a brief while, her maiden sister Luella is staying with her.

Thanks again for your thoughtful note. Give our warmest regards to Pete and Clint.

Cordially,

Joe and Jettie

March 26, 1973

Mr. Will B. Ray, Jr.
908 Wedgewood
Richardson, Texas 75080

Dear Bill:

I am sorry to be the bringer of bad news.

I am just back from Michigan where I attended the funeral of your Uncle Ed. He died of a massive stroke on Saturday, March 17. Your father and I are now the sole remaining members of this generation of the Joe Ed Rays. We were both at the funeral along with many other relatives, Ed's two daughters, and most of his grandchildren.

The funeral was preached by Virginia's son, Joe Wilson Harman; he did a beautiful job. His funeral sermon was perfect. It was a mixture of the testimony of a devoted nephew and the urgings of a Minister of the Gospel.

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We are all well here, except for me, who picked up a cold on the journey to the North country. I am really all right, just a bit wheezy.

Sincerely,

March 27, 1973

Mr. James E. Ray
Route 1
Big Island, Virginia 24526

Dear Jim Ed:

I am sorry to be the bringer of bad news.

I am just back from Michigan where I attended the funeral of your Uncle Ed. He died of a massive stroke on Saturday, March 17. Your father and I are now the sole remaining members of this generation of the Joe Ed Rays. We were both at the funeral along with many other relatives, Ed's two daughters, and most of his grandchildren.

The funeral was preached by Virginia's son, Joe Wilson Harman; he did a beautiful job. His funeral sermon was perfect. It was a mixture of the testimony of a devoted nephew and the urgings of a Minister of the Gospel.

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We are all well here, except for me, who picked up a cold on the journey to the North country. I am really all right, just a bit wheezy. Love to Martha and the boys.

Sincerely,

Joseph M. Ray

*Gift from
Mrs. Pauline Sanders
1800 N. Stanton,
No 902*

March 29, 1973

Mrs. Edward M. Ray
Route 2, Box 500
Decker Road
Scottville, Michigan 49454

Dear Jo:

Just a note to pass along a letter which came today from the University, acknowledging a gift to the Library in Ed's name.

Incidentally, I meant to say to you when I was there that Ed's books would be a welcome gift to any University and would be better used there than at any other place; in addition, they could be evaluated and acknowledged as a gift to be accounted for on your income tax.

We are all well here, and we hope you are getting along nicely. The Robin has not arrived as yet.

Love,

Enclosure

The University of Texas at El Paso

LIBRARY

DIRECTOR OF SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

April 2, 1973

Dr. Joseph Ray
817 University
El Paso, Texas 79902

Dear Joe:

Mrs. Winifred Middagh, 313 Belva Way,
El Paso, has made a cash donation to our
library in memory of Edward M. Ray.

We were sure that you would want to know
of this lovely and lasting tribute to your
late brother.

Please accept my deepest sympathy and
warmest personal regards.

Very sincerely yours,



Baxter Polk,
Director of Special
Collections

BP:cls

March 28, 1973

Dear Robins,

I'm sure we all feel inadequate to the task of speaking to the passing of Emily's father, Edward Roy. I feel especially handicapped since I've known him for a far shorter time than all the other writers to this epistle.

In the few years of our acquaintance, Ed left me with his firm, ~~and sure~~ ^{fiery} impression of his pursuit of life's adventures. The first time we met was in the kitchen of the old "Jagosh place" near Higgins Lake. It was about 5 pm in July and Jo and I were getting warmed up after our arrival from Ludington. Jo and I had met twice in Berkeley and chatted freely. Then Ed stomped in from the barn, wearing, I'm sure, his favorite striped knit pullover, and greeted me with his firm hand and forthright manner. From the first, he looked me in the eye - clear and unfaltering, warm and open to me - the husband of his younger daughter. But this ^{hull} lasted only a few moments. Immediately, I was propelled into husking corn or snapping beans - I've forgotten exactly what. But I was included. And that's what was so

engaging about Ed's view of people. He always made me feel that I was included - even needed in his headlong and all-inclusive investigation of why this world is [or was] the place ~~and~~ ~~the way~~ it is.

And our last evening together in Scottville, December 31, was more of the same. A free-flight conversation and page-turning exercise on the theories of continental drift, Amazon tribes, hallucogens, taxes, organ music and on and on.

I feel that his excursions to the arctic, his archeological digs and his current political fights in the cause of ecological sanity were the fires that tempered his ideas and his soul. Emily suggests they should be described and put into print for others to grow on. I agree. We miss him terribly and know that our children will too! We send best wishes and love from our home.

Bill Mooy

April 4, 1973

Dear Folks

It has taken a long time to be able to write anything and get this bird on the wing. I'm sure you all feel the same way. I thought it would be hard to come home and read the Robin (it arrived at our house while I was in Michigan) but I found it even comforting somehow. It's so appropriate that Dad should write such a letter.

Mather said he had a wonderful time poking fun at his two brothers. We laughed and laughed as he wrote it.

Jenny's leg is healing nicely. In two weeks she will have the cast off. It was shortened yesterday and a walker heel was put on. She had already worn the bottom down considerably by walking around ~~on~~ with a bent-knee hobble.

It will be good to hear from all of you.

Love

817 University Ave.,
El Paso, Texas
April 8, 1973

Children:

The Robin left Michigan for Berkeley before Ed died and did not arrive in California before I left to attend the funeral. Thus it turns out that I am one of the first to write in the Robin after his death. My excuse in the case of Virginia's & Ruby's deaths in not writing a eulogy was that it had already been done by others in the Robin before it got to me, and I was pretty well "wring out" by expressions of grief from other young ones. In this case I find myself "under the gun," as the poker players refer to the first ^{some} better of a hand, and I might as well say the first words.

First, about the funeral; for those who weren't there. It was a nice funeral home in Ludington, the family party was Jo, Bill & Barbara Sutter and their children, Jo's sisters Lonella Mason & Sue Davis & husband Felix from Fort Knox, Joe Wilson Harman, Will B., Glenn and new wife Connie from Ohio, and Emily from Calif. Joe Wilson said the public attendance was quite large for such an occasion, and the flowers were beautiful and ample. Joe Wilson preached a most sensitive and appropriate sermon in his dual responsibility of nephew and minister. He had me weeping a good part of the time he was speaking — one of the two times I wept at Ed's passing — the other being after I had telephoned Will B. to tell him that Ed was gone.

It's hard to write about a lost brother in formal terms. To me in many ways he is not gone and he will never be gone — Ed's with me in many ways

(2)

just as much as he used to be. People are egoists basically and their relations with others are made up of collections of recollections of the other. My recollections of Ed Key are still with me and will last as long as I do, somehow poignantly sharpened with increasingly reinforced realization that he is not up there at Scottville helping me work toward the day when we can stage another reunion. Each person's recollections of another are his own. Many of my recollections of Ed he had long since forgotten, and the same about his of me. I have no recollection at all of the story in Ed's last Robin letter about my attempted flight from the coal shed at 1232 Kinton Street. Indeed, I have no recollection of a coal shed. My first recollection pertinent hereto are of the new barn big brother Brown built for us, much too high to be flying or even jumping off of, with a big sloping roof for drying shelled walnuts on.

One of my most vivid recollections of being put upon by my big brother Ed was being talked into an outright attack on a yellow jackets' nest, each of us with a handful of switches. One couldn't devise a more unlikely weapon against yellow jackets than switches — but I was nearly grown before I quit letting him fast-talk me into situations operating to the disadvantage of the little squirt. My best guess, if I attempted flight off a coal shed at five, he had a good part in egging me on, knowing my Wright Brothers illusion would bounce me on my sister. In the instance of the yellow jackets, we switched at them until it got too hot and then took off, with him understandably traveling faster and leaving me, as the younger, juicier, and

(3)

slowly meant for the yellowjackets to vent their vengeance on; on the time he enticed me up the sapling behind him close to ride it to the ground & then release it to shing my overalls long near off - on the time he pealed my noggin with a cornucopia frozen with barnyard juices - on the time he talked me into riding the horse behind him, against Uncle Alex's orders, talking big about how I could hold on behind him when the horse trotted, only to jell him off on top of me & bruise my leg so bad I could hardly avoid limping the next day & couldn't afford to or he'd get a thrashing when the cause of my injury was revealed - or a hundred others.

All our ~~off~~ lives people remarked on how our voices were alike. The reason was simple - he was the one I learned to talk from. How else could I talk except like Ed?

But back to memories. Ed, from where I sit, was the sum total of all I remembered about him. His physical self is now gone, but he's as much with me as he ever was, perhaps even more because he comes to my mind more frequently than he did when he was alive or would have if he still survived.

And the memories I have of him are nearly all favorable, and were while he lived. He was always talking the rest of us into taking the middle road and trying to keep the peace among us. Jo will recall in our last phone conversation the day before he died, he was ducking conflict and trying to keep the peace. Joe Wilson in the funeral sermon was right - one of his principal qualities was his forgiving spirit.

He had more balmy ideas than any one man is en -

(4)

titled to harbor, but for some strange reason they served only to endear him to me. Anybody else I would summarily strike from my list, but not Ed. And despite this, he had a head full of useful information both of the theoretical and the practical kind.

But above all, it was his heart that all recognized made him all wool and a yard wide — a truly superior man, the best that could ever be as a brother. I have written on and on, as if I had something to prove, and I don't, because each of you loved him as much as I did, and each of you has his own head full of heartwarming recollections of Edward Marshall Ray and has no need of reminders from me.

This is a good Robin, marred only by our great loss suffered during the raid. Will B. & Andy, take care of yourselves. It was good to see Glenn and Connie & glad to know they're going to Campbellsville next year. Glad to have the address of Joe Adam and his new wife Carol. Thanks, Sylvia, for the pictures of Rob & of the newboys; Jettie was right that your brothers are lucky to have such a sister — anybody would be. It's all right with me to include Carol in the Robin, but it should go from you who will know most about any moves they might make — It's okay to include folks of temporary mailing address. Joe Wilke, it was wonderful to be with you so much at the time of the funeral — the most we've ever been together, I believe. And Barb & Bill! you were so good to take me in & care for me. Loved seeing your fine young ones. Do take care of yourself. Maybe next time, Em, you'll be up to writing a full letter. Your letter on Ed. was wonderful! Bill M.
Love to all

Memo From:

SALLY PERSON

Cashway Building Materials Company
1225 AIRWAY BLVD., EL PASO, TEXAS

Wed. evening
April 11, 1973

Dear Robins -

Not to long ago a friend of mine & I were discussing how much could happen in just one week. And of course a month.

The passing of Uncle Ed was such a shock. First I want to say to my Aunt - Joanna, and my cousins Emily and "Babs", you have all been in my prayers. I for one know that God never, never gives us more to bear than we can handle. My God truly bless you now.

My Father and Uncle Brown, do take care. I know too that our Lord has provided you with the strength

Memo From:

SALLY PERSON

Cashway Building Materials Company
1225 AIRWAY BLVD., EL PASO, TEXAS

②

that is so much required at such a time. God bless you both.

Sylvia, your son is just darling. Such pretty hair! Tell me, are red heads more devilish than blonds? Also glad to see the picture of Joe & ~~Carol~~ Carol. Joe has changed some since I saw him last. I truly wish them all the luck & best wishes for a happy marriage. At least they have a water bed. That's a good sign. After ~~a~~ two years with mine I'll defend it against any mattress!

Memo From:

SALLY PERSON

Cashway Building Materials Company
1225 AIRWAY BLVD.. EL PASO, TEXAS

③

Bill & Em, I hope the Lobin finds little Jennifer feeling her best. Its just like a tot to think she can fly & jump off a table. Just be glad it wasn't the roof!

Uncle Brown, I read your enclosed article about Marijuana. It was interesting. I do have my own opinion of "grass" & therefore can not completely go along with yours. (opinion that is)

Watch out as a general contr. Its one heck of a rough profession. Tell me, is plywood hard to get in Ohio? Its murder here.

Memo From:

SALLY PERSON

Cashway Building Materials Company
1225 AIRWAY BLVD.. EL PASO, TEXAS

④

Especially $\frac{1}{4}$ AB & AC. Our
contractors are crying for it.

My children are fine. Judy
is growing so tall but lacking
in meat. She eats good so I
really don't worry. She's a very
healthy gal. Joey is still Joey.
She's so dippy. Nothing like the
Scorpio she's supposed to be. Her
rising sign must be Aries or
Gemini.

Well good people, take care.

Our love & prayers to all

Sally

El Paso, El Paso County, Texas 79902
April 16, 1973...Scott's 34th. birthday!!!!

Dear Robins;

Everyone has written in the Robin but me, so I must get to it. It has been a sad four weeks. Ed will always be missed. He set a high standard that few of us live up to. Joanna, Babs and Emily know how our hearts have been with them. The two Bill and grandchildren can know they were a great pleasure to Ed. I've never known more loved-in-laws than they were. Babs and Emily did themselves proud in their selections. I'm so glad they had the years they shared.

Babs and Bill, I'm glad you went on and took your trip as you had planned. Ed would certainly have wanted you to do so. We missed Babs in the last Robin but will look forward to a good report about your trip. Also, hope to hear what the children have to say about it.

We have talked to Joanna and know some news that the Robin doesn't...that Emily and Bill are leaving Berkeley and Emily and Jenny will probably be in Scottville by the time the Robin gets there. I think it is a wonderful move. Although, I kept hoping they would get over to see us or we to San F. again. I know they hate to give up the attractive house they have and had done so much to. But they'll find another place. Bill goes into graduate school at U. of Indiana...Scott's undergraduate school.

As you see above, today is Scott's birthday. We talked to him around 6:30 our time this morning...8:30 his time so we could get him before he left for class, which we just barely did, as he was about to leave for a 9 o'clock meeting. He'll be back in Bardstown for the summer.

Glad to see Carol's picture. Welcome to the clan, Carol. Also, Connie. Two additions in such a short time really swells our group. With just two senior members left, it is good to have the younger generation coming on and joining in the letter-writing. It is a wonderful way to keep in touch.

I'm into a draw drapes for David's and Dorothy's bedroom. David got the brass rods up week before last but we had an out of town guest last week, so I'm later getting to them than

I thought I would be. Dorothy got a quilted bedspread and bought material to match for the drapes. I know it going to make a pretty room. Have enough material left to make Roman shade for their bath room.

Mike is here with us this morning. David is on vacation but had a dental appointment. Beth is at kindergarten and Dorothy is getting her hair done.

Joe's Easter holidays start tomorrow. He is into another editing job on a book. We'll stay here during the holidays. He had another little operation on his eye lid Friday...no malignancy and nor much discomfort. The doctor did it in his office.

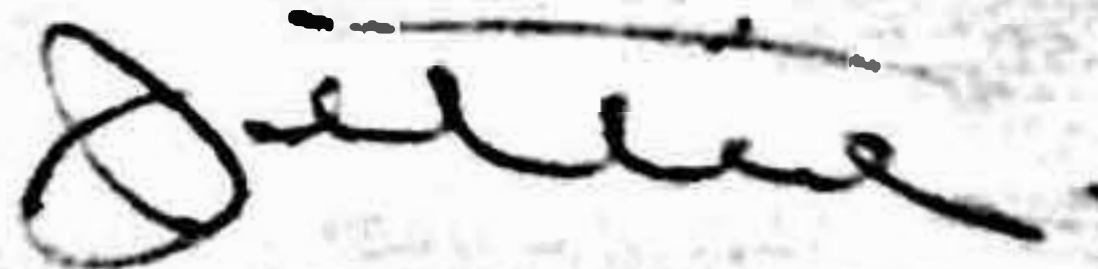
We are enclosing a letter from Mildred Scott Meyers...a cousin of the Sr. Rays. We saw a good deal of them when we lived in Maryland and Ruby and Jack were in Washington and N.J. and Pa. They lived in N.J. Ruby and Mildred (Mimi) we called her) were very close and we like her very much.

Audry, hope you are feeling good. Do take care of yourself. Hope you don't over-do on the coming move. Brown, Glenn and Connie should be able to "hold down the fort". I know you'll be glad to be near Sylvia, Bob and Rob.

Bob, I'm so glad you had the wonderful trip to Washington. Congratulations on being "chosen". A friend who lives in Washington, has their son-in-law up there this week for a conference with HEW. I do love Washington and think it is a beautiful city.

Guess I'd better get on some errands that I need to run and get this Bird on his way. It is good to have Joe Wilson's spiritual inspiration now and always. I know Virginia would be very proud of him. Wilma, give us a report on yourself and the boys.

Love to everyone,



April 16, 1973

Dear Robin:

David and I were both saddened with the passing of Uncle Ed. I had only met him twice but enjoyed his company very much. David had collected how Ed and he had walked three miles together the last time Ed and Jo Ann were here - a good brisk walk; in fact Joe Ray turned around and came back - said it was too fast a pace for him.

David has a 500 mile pigeon race today and it looks like he is going to have a long wait. So far nobody has birds in town. But then we are facing one of our good old wind storms.

Beth & Michael are fine. Beth went to the zoo today with a neighbor friend. All excited because she was going to see the eagle her Daddy caught. And our little Michael is growing like a weed! It's hard to believe that this July he will be three. He is happy now that the weather has warmed up & goes out in the yard and spends his whole day pottering around.

My folks are coming down this week.

I was quite surprised as Mom
called Rust mite and said that they
would be here by Wednesday, which is
my sister's birthday, to surprise her.

David is now on vacation for
two weeks. So we hope to get some
work around the house done.

To get back to David and his pigeons.

This season he won short average speed.

So he will receive a trophy for that.

He won the 362 mile race last

week. So if he can do good this

week or then again next week on the

500's he could win the long average

speed. Everybody ~~take~~ take care.

David & Dorothy

May 6, 1973

Dear Robins,

A short letter. We are finishing our spring concert tonite. 4 performances in all. I did a jazz dance using a live 7-piece rock band onstage. Noisy but fun. Of course the students loved it, though I did hear that someone walked out - an older woman. Probably too much noise, though the costumes are fairly brief, so maybe that was it.

The letters in this robin are a treasure for me, as many people who knew Uncle Ed so much better than I did, recall their relationship with him. My meetings

with him were generally of short duration with long months and years in between. After reading the letters, I feel I know him much better, and I greatly regret not having had more time with him.

I will be in Bardstown again this summer, so if you are in that area, please come look me up. This will be my 7th summer there, counting 1961. It's pleasant and the money is good.

A happy, healthy summer to all of you.

As ever,
Scott

May 22, 1973

Dear Folks,

Dad was at our house briefly this weekend + with him he brought the Robin - to which he said he'd not been able to contribute due to a number of spring farm chores which keep him busy from morning to night. Among them is a project of selling fruit trees.

Although I'm not sure there has ever been a precedent, Dad asked to beg off writing this time + requested my acting as his surrogate Robin-writer.

He said to be sure to tell of his latest close call - a ram of his literally rammed him in the back leaving a rather nasty gash, where the horn goled him at the waist. There

was surprisingly no bruise though.
Of course this latest close encounter
could hardly be compared with such
past escapades as falling off the roof,
having a tractor overturn on ~~him~~ ^{him}, etc.

Much love,

Will B.

(by Sylvia)

July 1, 1973

Dear Robin,

This was a good Robin. It was so nice to hear from all of you. We appreciated all of the things said about Ed Ray. I've always felt just the way Uncle Joe does. Dad meant so much to us that no one can take him away from us. We were very lucky to have had him as long as we did.

We had a wonderful trip to Washington. It was just as if the Town had been turned on for us. The cherry blossoms were early and were in bloom the whole time, although the festival and crowds didn't begin until the day we left. We didn't have to wait in line anywhere more than 15 minutes. The Russian art exhibit was there and we saw it the time

after discovering a comfortable lounge
in the National Gallery of Art. We
would go there to sit down whenever
we got tired. The House of Representatives
adjourned just as we got in, but
we then went to the Senate and
sat through a roll call, an amend-
ment to stop the bombing in Cambodia,
and a speech about inflation by
Senator Frohman. We walked past
Hubert Humphrey & George McGovern in
the hall. Teddy Kennedy and just
about everyone else we knew by
sight were there.

The children were most thrilled
by seeing Premier Thieu's motorcade.
They said he waved to them. He
was also in the Capitol when we
were, and we saw all of the T.V.
set ups to cover the story. Marvin
Kalt walked by us with a camera
crew.

I've been very surprised at how
much they ^{the children} learned and retained
from the visit. even Eric. I will

always be glad we went.

Emily and Jenny being here has made this month especially fun. We are having many big things to celebrate Ludington's Centennial yesterday mother and I were looking for an AAUW house tour. When we finished working, we had a chance to tour the homes, too. Some of them are really lovely - old lumber barons mansions. It was a long but interesting day.

Uncle Joe, I can't get through a day of the Watergate hearings without wondering what you are thinking about them. I just wish I had the benefit of your knowledge of the Presidency. There will be a call this week, but maybe we will call to find out what you think next week.

I enjoyed Dorothy's letter. I don't believe I have ever been able to read the letter when she has written before. It was also nice to hear

from Sally, Scott and Joe Wilson.
We always enjoy Sylvia's letter. I
hope Aunt Audrey will write about
her house next time.

Congratulations to our two
graduates - Wilma and Joe Allen.

There were a lot of references to
pictures that weren't in the Robin
when we got it. If anyone finds
them send them along next time
we can see them.

Love,
Barbara

July 1, 1973

Dear Robins;

Sunday afternoon at the Scottville farm again. Very pretty sunny day with a nice breeze. Whole area nice and green.

We have a quiet house these days, Pam is on a trip to Mexico City, coming back on the 5th of July. Laura is off with a neighbor girl at Y.W.C.A. Camp. Will be back on the 5th too. Hope all is going well with them.

Enjoyed all the letters again this time. Nice to hear how everyone is doing. Congratulations to Joe & Din, also to Wilma.

"Gram" is getting along fine. She has taken a firm hand with the various business dealings she

has had to take over and Pam
states her opponents need sympathy.
She drives a hard bargain.

Sure all do miss Grad. I had
always looked ahead to how
much he could teach Eric
about Nature, words & words,
and geology etc.

We had a nice trip to
Washington D.C. Every thing worked
fine except the weather which
was rather cold and raining. The
taxi service, for a family of 6 sure
is excellent there (charge is per person).
I was out once by myself and couldn't
get one to stop for any thing but they
would come in a rush to get the
side of U.S. Saw Pres Thieu of
S. Vietnam go by in a motorcade.

on morning and that I will
the Hills. Saw most of the
Senators also. All in all had
a good trip, with talk of
gas shortage etc. am glad
we made it early.

Guess this is all for
now. Big week coming up,
Monday is Eric's Birthday
Tuesday my Brother and his wife coming.
Wed. the 4th.

Thursday Pam and Laura get home
Friday Laura's Birthday
Most of week and week end
is looking for's Centennial
celebration.

Bill S.

July 1, 1973

Dear Folks,

The old bird has been limping along this time, and we, too, have kept it too long - but maybe we can give it a boost now. As long as we all feel that it's important to us, we will be okay. I do think it's important.

It continues to be an adjustment not having Dad, Ruby, and Virginia around. I'm sure everyone feels the same. I was perhaps too young to realize at the time how much Aunt Eleanor was missed by everyone else. My, what a family full of personality and quality you all are or were.

Jenny and I have been here for a couple of weeks and are thoroughly enjoying Grammy's and the Settlers' houses. It's a nice part of the country. Bill, Robbie, and Ralph moved our furniture and junk in a U Haul truck and are now looking for a house in Bloomington, Indiana. As Aunt Jettie says,

we're making a big dramatic change and leaving California behind. We hated to leave friends and our own small neighborhood but were glad to leave some of the less desirable aspects of a California city behind.

When Bill finds a house, they will come up here for July and some of August. Hopefully, a new little Moose will arrive sometime this month. A Ludington doctor (not Dr. Sutter) is taking care of me. It's going to be ^{one} awfully nice way to have a baby.

This week is Ludington's centennial. Yesterday Mather and Barbara both worked as hostesses at some old houses, and we toured the others after they finished working. The houses are really lovely, a couple of them in particular. If they hadn't been built by lumber barons who cut all the trees in Michigan (or maybe that's not quite accurate - a lot of them burned) I'd feel better about it, but if there hadn't

been lumber barons, there just wouldn't be any elegant homes. It's that way with most if not all great wealth, isn't it? You make money off resources which are untapped, but then in the process, too often, you use up the resources in a rather wasteful way.

Everyone wrote such nice letters. By now summer activities are in full swing for all of you. It will be interesting to hear from all this round. Let's hear from Glenn and Connie if they can write. Glenn's job should be a couple of months from being over. Alas, Jack, tell us about Bay's State.

We're going to try to get down to Kentucky before I. U. starts, but it may be trying to do too much. If we can, we're going to see your show, Leatl, and visit

you, Sylvia, Bob, Aunt Audrey, and Pat.
It would be nice to get to Bear Wallow
too, if the Joe Wilsons are not
at a revival. I think all this
depends on when the little Moore
arrives and how things go. Bill's
classes begin August 24th.

Now I feel that the El Paso
Days are so far away. I used
to think you were closest to us -
and indeed you were!

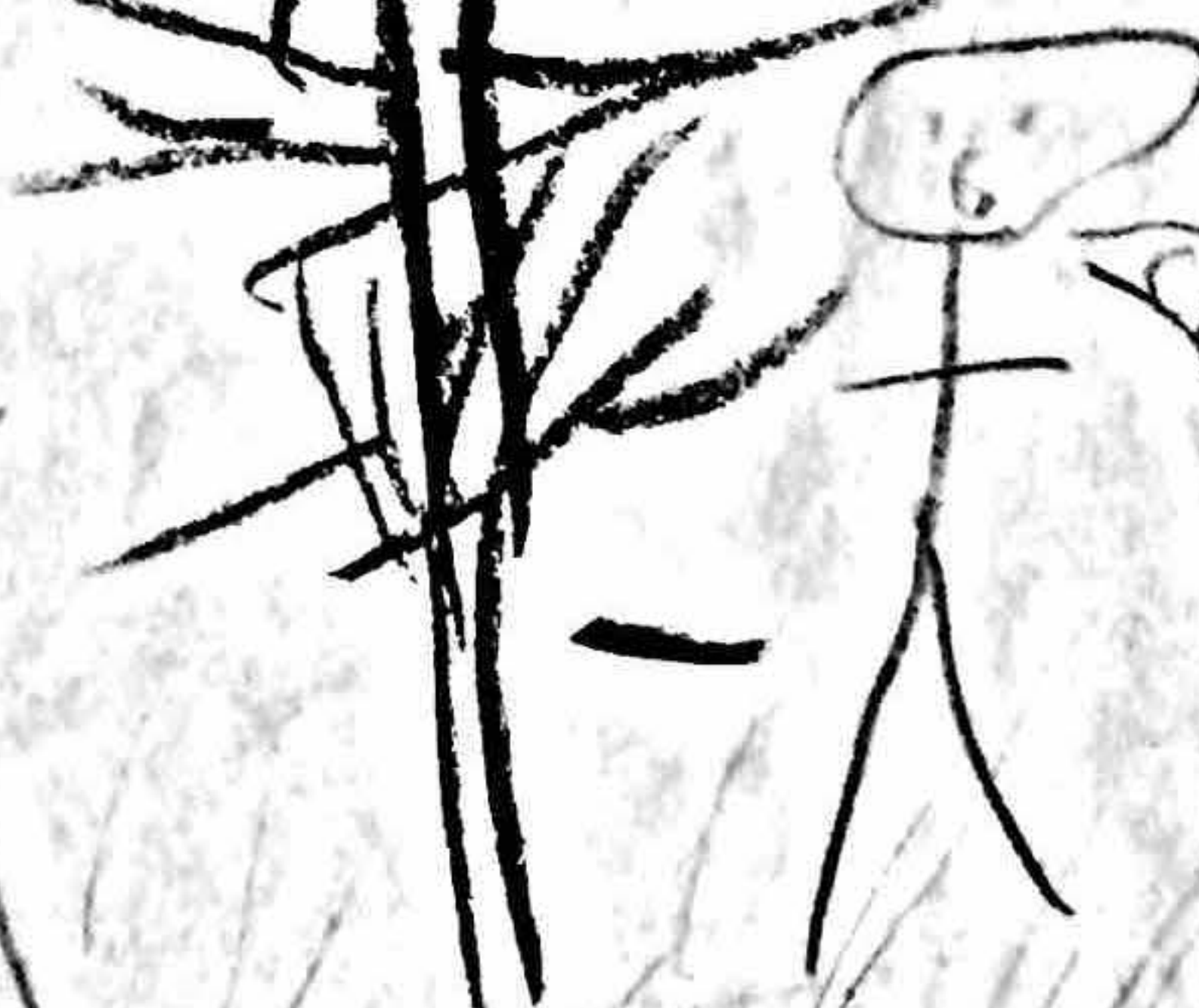
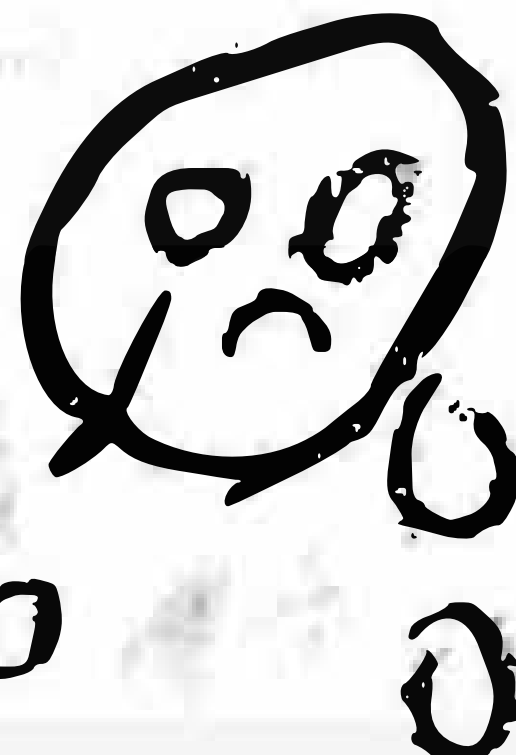
Everyone have a nice time
and take care of yourselves. Especially
those of you who know better
than to overdo!

Love

Em

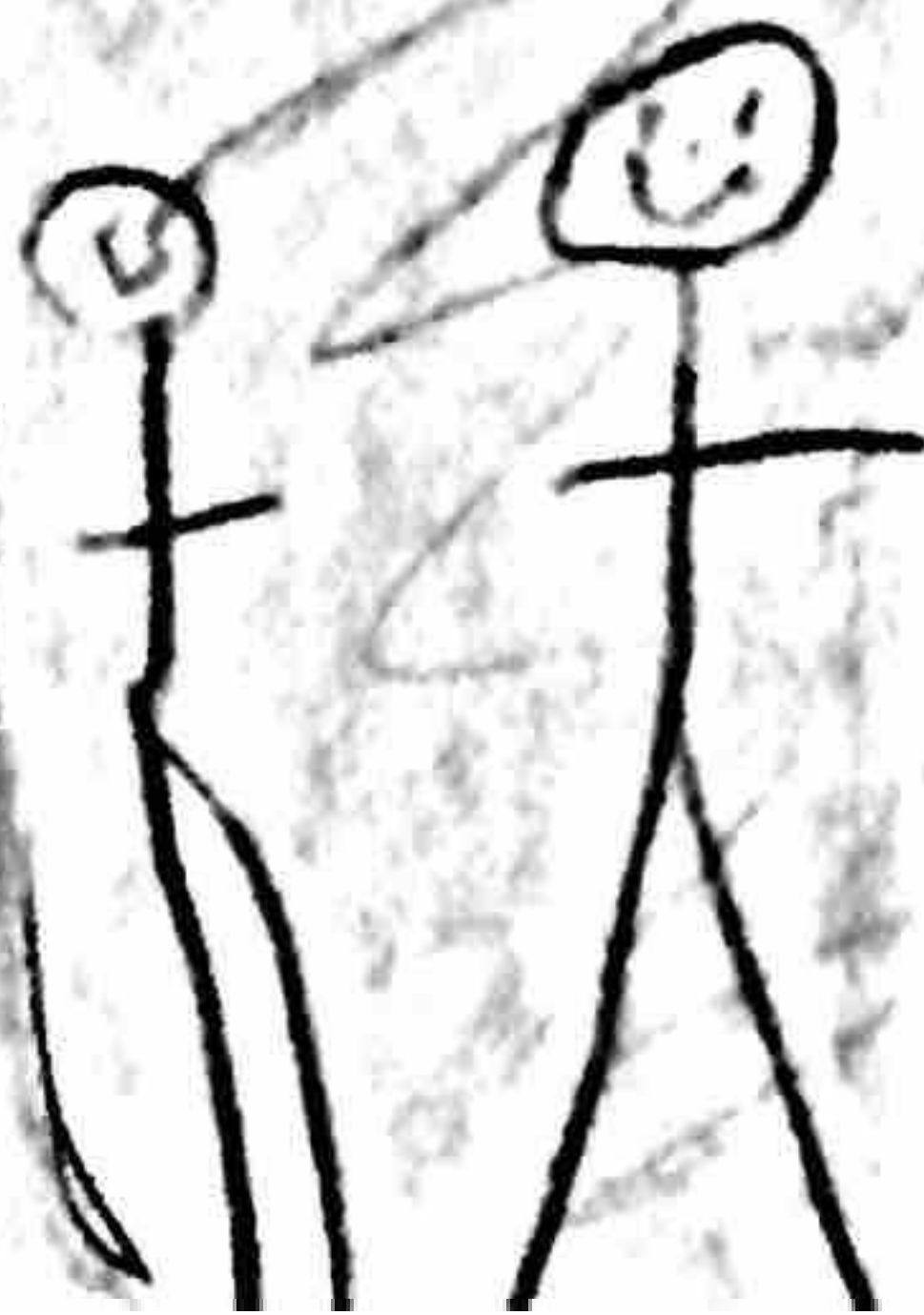
Dear Robin
Stop Pollution

Eric Sutter



Fight for clean air

in your City



Sunday July 1, 1972

Dear Robin,

Things sure are quiet here now. Pam went to Mexico on the 23rd of June with the Spanish classes at school. On the 28th Laura went to camp for a week. Jenny lives things up though. Eric is busy drawing pictures now and Jenny has been drawing all day.

There has been little preparation for Eric's birthday which is tomorrow. So far I am the only one who has gotten him a present. He hopes to go swimming in a heated pool at a recreational park. Mother is busy now and doesn't know when she can take him.

Good-Bye For Now,

Love,

His sister

Independence Day plus One, 1973

Dear Robin writers and readers,

Even though I am new to this scene and don't even know Mr. Senior Ray (Will Brown), I certainly can sympathize with him and the moving of the furniture. Robbie, aged 15½, and I just finished hauling our material wealth across the US to Bloomington, Indiana. The trip was relatively uneventful except for running out of gas on a ten mile long hill just east of Salt Lake City ("Let's not stop on this side of town for gas. There's bound to be just as many on the other side!"), an all but unfinishable Basque dinner in Elko, Nevada, and the time we parked in a motel parking lot late at night and awoke next morning late to find that workers had dug a trench in front of the truck - which we were not supposed to back up because we were towing the VW bus. I'm glad Joe Wilson wasn't there to hear what I said about the situation.

Robbie did a little of the driving as long as we were in open country, but towards the east, I handled it all. Actually, Ralph sat in the driver's seat during our breaks and often wore my sunglasses when he did so. I'll enclose a picture of the little guy in the next Bird.

We found our trip to be much more pleasant than we expected due to unusually cool weather (only about 75° crossing the Utah salt flats!) and the little surprises that we found in a few of the eating places we stopped at. If any of you go west on route 80, be sure to stop at the little gas pump and eatery called Moyers' Red Desert in Wyoming. Fresh eggs, home-made sausage, fresh baked bread, real jam and REAL coffee. Things were equally pleasant upon arrival in Bloomington. Weather still cool and old friends to host us while we looked for digs. We'd hauled a case of California red and white wine for our host and he opened one for us. No greater gesture ...

It's been nearly two weeks now since our bursting upon the scene. After about 4 days, the real Bloomington weather began and I had to get serious about finding a house. Assisting me was Rob and a misplaced Georgia peach named Hazel Rossi whose great albatross is that she's hitched to a first rate concert violinist, Urico. She hustles real estate with a vengeance and I somehow think that the things are connected. Anyway, we've seen just about everything in my price range which is about one peso above Tom Jode's. We think (and reluctantly hope) that we have secured a four bedroom, very plastic ranch house in a (wretch) subdivision south of town. I don't mean to sound snotty about this thing, but we did (as Uncle Joe has testified) have the grand fortune to experience our first house in the Maybeck-inspired place in Berkeley. It's all quite a contrast. There are almost no houses left in and around Bloomington of the older vintage which was what we had hoped for; you know the type, white clapboard, tall windows, sensible floor plan, hardwood floors and perhaps even a friendly kitchen with a place to sit and drink some coffee and not have to stand up to a plastic breakfast bar - which is what we ended up with. Oh well, it'll sell easily in two years and the practical voice within us (Emily's) reminds us that this is important. When we are sure of the address, we'll post it.

Rob and I fled up here to the "Spa" (Jo's place in Scottsville) from the damp humidity and closeness of Bloomington. Drove all day on the 4th and this too was uneventful except for a delightful two hours before and after the lovely town of Coldwater, Michigan, from whence is broadcasted some of the best selections of country music I've ever heard. I was so impressed that I pulled off the highway (route 69) and drove over to the transmitter and expressed my likes for the selections. The DJ responded with a request for me and the whole affair sorta made my trip. I really like mountain music. And country. And bluegrass -whatever that is.

I tried to get a simple haircut today in Ludington. My hair gets kinky in humid weather and if it weren't for my pale complexion, you'd swear I was an Arab in a golf shirt. Well, this guy hemmed and hawed and asked how I wanted it and I tried to tell him and the long and short of it all is that I had to make an appointment and get my hair "styled" by the second barber. This second cat pulled and twirled and talked a blue streak about his Hair Research Institute in Van Nuys, California and the liquid protein and all that jazz, but at the end of forty minutes and six ~~xxx~~ dollars, all I had was a plain old good haircut and that's what I wanted. But what a go-round! Whew! Ludington is more complicated than Berkeley.

Well, I'd better turn in. Joanna says she has some weeding ~~gm~~ for me to do tomorrow. I figure each row is about a foot wide and a mile long and she owns about 320 acres. So good night!

PS Thanks, Joe Wilson, for the good story about the rattle snakes. I ~~xx~~ sure want to get down and visit with all of Em's kin but I don't want to come alone and Emily won't be able to travel until maybe August 25 when I have to start classes. Well, come fall, there'll be good weather for visiting as the colors turn.

Bill Moore

Friday Evening July 20 1973.

817 University Ave., El Paso.

Chillum:

I am delighted that the Robin is here, but it has come at a somewhat bad time for me. I have been working each summer for the past three summers on a special course for graduate students and now this summer my cooperating colleague has developed a case of terminal cancer and is in the hospital, and I have the whole responsibility for the course - and at the end of each day's work I'm petered clean out. The Robin has been here four days & I'm just now getting down to my Robin letter. Now on Friday night I'm ready to write my Robin letter and there is a two hour tv program on NBC called "Watergate Week" and I am writing while listening to it. My teaching^{is} keeping me busy from 8:30 to 4:30, & this makes me miss all of the Watergate broadcasts - & for me that comes under the heading of cruel and unusual punishment.

Scott, the Robin will go from here to you, as usual and you send it on to Joe Wilson at Bear Wallow, unless I note something different later on. I'll try to telephone him before this is mailed. One of the things that is certain in this life ~~except that~~^{is} Methodist preachers are rotated regularly.

We're doing well here. Tomorrow David Michael Ry will be 3 years old. Enclosed is a picture of Joely, taken in my bedroom this morning, standing in my walking boots. Judy is just back from two weeks at girl scout camp. We had the three little girls here overnight last night - and all adults are hale, busy, and as happy as regular activities and opportunities will allow, thank the Lord.

Will B., I worry about all that strenuous activity you'd better pay express attention to whatever instructions your doctor has given you about physical activity.

We all want you around for some time to come, and you're flirting with the termination of our association. On the day of her last trip to the Hospital, Virginia went with Rudy to catch the train & then walked home from the B & O rr. station to save taxi fare. That was very expensive economy.

Audrey, we're glad you are moved to Lebanon & we hope fully ensconced in your new establishment. Thanks Sylvia for all the talk about Rob. We've been through the child-locked room in our time. It's a harrowing ordeal - seems to me you've got a smart little tyke. We hope that Audrey and Bob can get into the Robins as it goes around this trip - Also you, Miss Joanna. We all need to hear from you. It's good to get Moore and better comment on you, but we need firsthand word as well.

That was a good report on the trip east, Bill Moore. Em, please let us all (especially me) have your New Bloomington address. Hope everything goes well in the arrival of One Moore - or Little Bit Moore - could be the event has already happened.

Barbara, there's so much palaver abroad about the Watergate that it seems superfluous to clutter up the Robin with it. The principal point of it all is that men closely surrounding the President of the United States, possibly the President himself, are one

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way or another, either by indictment, confession, taking the fifth amendment, charge and counter-charge of various criminal acts, all against the law and all carrying criminal penalties: obstructing justice, conspiracy to obstruct justice, perjury, subornation of perjury, influence peddling, illegal solicitation of campaign contributions. It will amaze me if we wind up this whole clambake without formerly highly placed persons serving prison time for these assorted crimes. It all ties in with the royal court nature of the Presidency and its practical isolation from the airy publicity that should surround the development of a great nations public affairs - and just as important as publicity, the debate and contention that goes properly into the production of policy decisions. The way our Presidency now works, the President makes his decisions in a frame of reference in which all his associates are catering to his every whim and caprice and no true conflict of views and advocacy can occur, & by the time his office has produced policy ready for action it is far too late for him to keep his power posture and acquiesce in modification of his decision. At no time in a President's day does anyone address him unbidden, & one who by chance should confront him with advocacy or argument unwelcome to him would not long be for those parts - the Boss would turn to other advisors. This apparently is what happened in the case of John Connally recently - and it couldn't have happened to a more deserving lad than Big Jaw.

Sally asks to be excused this time,
and she'll write next time. 4

Joe Wilson, I enjoyed the rattlesnake story, to
I tried several times today (7.29.73) to reach
you by telephone, but no answer. I fear
you have moved away, and we haven't
heard where to.

Scott, I'll try to reach him later + put in
a note about where to mail the Robin to
him. If I fail to reach him, then send the
Robin to Sylvia* at Route 2, Lebanon, Ky. 40033

Bill Sutter, thanks for such a good, new, letter.
Hope all your gang are at home now, happy + happy.
Eric, thanks for your anti-pollution poster.
I have learned a lot about pollution this summer.
Sue, your letter is a good one, as usual.
You ~~are~~ always write good letters; keep it up.
Glad the trip to Washington was such a good
one, Barbara. The letters of all of you mean
even more to me than they used to, now that Ed
is gone.

Love to all
Uncle Joe

* Sylvia, if I don't reach Joe Wilson + Scott send
it to you, + you know a new address for Joe
W. Send it to him + let him send it to Aunt Joann

Hope
little
Bit
more
is here
now
7.29.73

July 24, 1973

Dear Robin;

We enjoyed Olympia's letter particularly this time as we had a similar experience. Michael was playing out in the yard and for some unknown reason went in the storage room and locked the door. As luck would have it I don't have a key for that door. So had to pry the air vent off so that he could climb through. Beth then climbed in and unlocked the door. Luckily the other kids were playing in there earlier and had turned on the light - if he had been in the dark he could have been scared witless. As it was he kept calling "get me out of here". Needless to say he has not gone in and shut and lock the door since.

We celebrated Michael's third birthday last Saturday and I believe Pappy is going to enclose a picture. David's daughter, Toni, is coming this weekend to spend some time - most likely her 12th birthday also, we hope.

And this August Beth starts school. It hardly seems possible that she will soon be six!

Enclosing an article on pigeon flying - David thought some of the Robin family would find it interesting. Everybody take care
David & Dorothy

P.S. David loaned over the clipping on the rattlesnake. Said to keep more of those coming in.

Bob Ingram

As the saying is

Big Flight Job

RACING PIGEONS DON'T have Lofts of Fame. Nobody pins medals on their breast bones. They don't have their baby wings bronzed.

Such is the fate of those birds who are born with amazing homing instincts. They don't complain about not getting an Oscar or Emmy. They probably just sit around and coo.

But there's a racing pigeon in El Paso who certainly should get some honor. Like having her number retired.

She's a blue bar hen owned by Carl Bell.

She was the only pigeon that finished a race from Gatesville, Texas. In race time, that is. Some of the others struggled in too late to qualify.

Most of the birds never made it. They flew into rain, hail and very heavy head winds.

The blue bar hen made it to her loft on the third day. And she was pretty tired, too, and wasted away to a little bag of bones and feathers.

5000-Mile Vet

BILLY CUMMINS is president of the El Paso Racing Pigeon Club. He was an outstanding hurdler at Rice University, a worthy successor to the famed Fred Wolcott. Billy wore the National AAU championship in the 110 meter high hurdles and the 200 low meter hurdles. He won a lot of other honors.

When he says the winner of the Gatesville race had an incredible performance, you have to believe him.

This bird has flown seven races from a 500 mile station and a number of shorter races. She has flown something like 5,000 air miles and has always managed to get back to her loft, rain, lightning, hail, tornadoes and predators like hawks notwithstanding.

The El Paso club had a second race from Gatesville and this time the birds didn't run into bad weather.

According to Cummins, there was another incredible performance in this race. It was the closest the club has come to getting a bird home in one day in a 500 mile race. Quite a number of years ago El Paso did have a 500-mile day bird.

In the second Gatesville race, David Ray, who is the son of Dr. Joseph Ray, former U.T. El Paso president, sent out seven birds and won the first seven places in the race. The winning speed was 961.829 yards per minute. The fastest bird averaged 33 miles per hour.

Old Birds Rest

THAT FIRST GATESVILLE race was a "smash," meaning a near-disaster as far as returnees were concerned.

The Gatesville races were the last in the "Old Bird" Class for the club. Next races will be in the fall when this spring's hatchlings spread their wings. Pigeons can race until they are five or six years old. Ten years is their average life span.

The racing pigeon fanciers use home like it was a verb. Such as "his birds home real good."

Why not pigeon parimutuels? Cummins said gambling on the pigeon races is very restricted. There may be small friendly bets but nothing else.

It's said that neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays our postmen from the swift completions of their appointed rounds.

The same thing might be said of homing pigeons who have to face a lot more adversities than the postman. A salute to that little blue bar hen. May she always be a good "homer," and no offense meant.

Monday, July 30, 1973

Dear Robins:

Again, I have my orders to get the Robin in the mail today! It has been a long time since my last letter of April 16. Maybe it will get around quicker this time.

Brown, WH ~~ERE~~ you are when you write the Robin is not as important and WHEN you write it. That way we can place events, etc. better and also, see HOW long it stays at each house!

Anyway, it was good to hear from everyone. Especially the ones from Michigan after they had all gotten somewhat located. Hope little Moore is here and all is well. We are anxious to hear from them.

This summer has really flow. Bob Tatum, hope your summer is going all right. Give us a good report on your time at W. K. Sylvia's letter was ALMOST good enough for both of you, but hope you each can "put in" this time.

I really don't know what I have done with the summer. About all I do is "Grandma" it seems. Several times to the University swimming pool each week. Toni, David's 11 year old, who will be 12 this coming Sunday, Aug 5., is here for a couple of weeks, so there is lots of doings with her. She and Judy have a good time together and of course, the little ones think Toni is "IT" and she is awfully nice with them.

The Senate Watergate hearings have taken my mornings and part of the afternoons. I'm sorry Joe has to miss them except for re-runs and special programs. I wish we could all have a "gab feast" and talk about them. The outcome will be most interesting.

Joe is in his last week of the Taft Institute he has been running. Then he'll have the loose ends to wind up. We hope to get away around the 17th. of Aug., for a few days at Salado then up to Dallas and Area for some visiting with "kin". It looks like this will

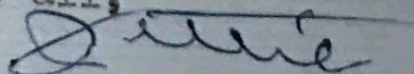
be his last year of teaching. Our Board of regents is moving up retirement from 70 to 65. Since Joe will soon be 66 he probably will retire next June. We are both glad about it, as he should be doing what he "wants to do" WHEN he wants to do it. So all in all, I think it is a good thing. We hope to get in some travelling and it will be nice to have our time free!

I've promised to take Judy and Toni to Juarez for lunch. In the meantime, I hope to get a new drainboard for our kitchen underway. Have been getting estimates and am now ready to give the go-ahead signal....select a new sink and disposal and maybe get it all done and finished this week.

The husband of my niece who died last July, and their four children are coming out to see us next week. The oldest, a boy 18, graduated from high school in June and is going to U. of Houston this fall. The next oldest is a girl, 16 who will graduate next June then the other two are 13 and 9. The last three are girls. Tommy, the father, is retired Air Force Col. and in graduate school, expecting to get a Masters and job. He is doing a tremendous job of taking care of all of them and keeping the household running. All of the children are so devoted to each other. We're surely looking forward to having them and so glad Toni will be here at the same time.

Our school starts the 20th. of Aug. Joe's begins the Tuesday after Labor Day. So by the time we hear from you, every body will be back "in the groove". Hope your summer has been good and your fall and winter the same.

Love to all,



Scottville, Michigan
October 2, 1973

Dear Folks,

When I picked up my mail yesterday after a week's absence, I was happy to find the Robin. The letters are all good, and it is so good to hear from so many again. I read them through last night while my visitors were talking a mile a minute, and I have just finished reading every one again to see if I missed anything.

A week ago Sunday Lonella and two of our retired teacher friends from L'ville came up for a color tour with me. On Tuesday we left for Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. We took the Algoma Railway tour into the wilds of Canada where the scenery is superb. Then we went to the Copper Country in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, where the color is fantastic. We returned via Higgins Lake Sunday night. The two friends left this morning. Lonella is staying for a couple of weeks, and then she, my brother and his wife and I are going to the Smokies and to Williamsburg. I will be in Ky. for a while, and I hope to see you Sylvia and just maybe Joe H.

I am not sure whether I wrote you about my disappointment last summer, Sylvia, or whether I just wrote you in my mind. We planned to go to Lexington to see my nephew and to call to see if you and Bob could meet us in ^{Bardetown} ~~Greensburg~~ for dinner. On the day we had planned to go it stormed so that

2.

we had to wait. He finally did make the trip, but it was storming terribly when we were ready to start home, and I knew you would not care to drive to meet us. It also was the last week of your school, I thought.

We have had a week of glorious fall weather, but it is rainy today. The corn is brown and is ready for picking, I think. My seventeen remaining ducks are having a field day finding insects in the wet grass. The ducklings are as big as the old ducks. I put two in the freezer, but the rest are safe now that I know how hard they are to dress. They really are too cute to kill, but they will fly away soon if I don't find a buyer.

My summer was a busy one what with a good garden requiring canning and freezing and a new grandson and all. I enjoyed having Emily and Bill and the kids, and I don't know where the time went.

The garden is still producing. There are nice tomatoes, squash, beans, kale, beets, onions, potatoes, carrots, endaubers, and broccoli for the picking. The zucchinis grew as big as I while we were on the trip.

Audrey, your job sounds much easier and less demanding of responsibility than a private kindergarten. Let us hear from you.

The stories of babes locked in rooms were

funny - after they were safely retrieved - but you all should have been here the day Bill Sutter locked himself in my ^{upstairs} bathroom and couldn't get the door unlocked. He finally had to take the door off, using tools we poked under the door. If nobody had been here to give aid, it would have been serious. As it was, everybody but Bill thought it was hilarious.

Speaking of Watergate, Jennie said, "I don't like Watergate, Mommie, - - only the man with the short white hair!" The first day we were watching she had her eyes peeled on the screen and finally said, "Well, Mommie, where is the gate?"

Jennie was hearing a story about "friendly Indians" when she expressed the hope that she would meet some "friendly Indians" when she got to Indiana. One morning Emily asked Jennie if she wanted a fried egg. The answer was, "No, I want a Sunday egg." Then she wanted to see what the "Friday" egg looked like.

I meant to take this in to the Sutters this afternoon, but it is raining hard, and being delicate, I am postponing the trip until tomorrow. I hope this bird makes the rounds again before Christmas. I plan to leave here when bad weather sets in but I haven't definite plans as to where I will be.

Love,
Joanna

Barbara and Bill didn't get time to read this before they left for a medical meeting in Detroit. (Louella and I are with the children this week.) I know work will have piled up when they get home and that they - probably can't write for a while, and so I am mailing the Bird on.

Lo. R.

Sunday, Oct 14, 1973
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Robin:

Beautiful clear autumn weather has burst upon us after several weeks of humidity and rain. Sure glad to see blue sky along with the yellow leaves. My folks are visiting us, especially to see the kids & very especially to see Baby Yuckie (Joshua) who weighs about 15 lbs. He seems to be bypassing the infant stage & going straight to "welterweight".

Going back to grad school at age 42 has its trauma now and then, but I'm "keeping the faith" (as they say out in Calif-) and plugging on through just I can. But it sure is a shame on a day like today to go to the library.

Thanks, Uncle Joe, for the folder on the Taft conference. You certainly are involved. I guess I'm thinking too of Joe Wilson & his full life - "doing" for the community. That takes a lot of self-sacrifice & setting aside of personal goals. I hope people appreciate it.

We had a small hassel here with you the other day. I asked her if she knew just who was the boss here. "God is", she said. I had to come back with, "Well, I'm next....") Joanne & Luella have a knack for remembering cliche sayings & I hope they all go into the Robin.

In the last few weeks we've gotten out a little bit. We love being able to get out "into the countryside without having to drive for 2 hours as we did in the SF. Bay area.

We are hoping to see Uncle Joe REY JR. in BG next week in one of his jinkets and I'd like to see all the others - most of them are still names w/o faces. Joe Wilson must have a few stories he'd like to tell. Sylvia, I'll jump at your invitation - long's that sore throat is gone!

Well, in the interest of brevity & alacrity, I'll cease this rambling and WITH THE ROBIN! Hope to see you by the end of the year. We're looking forward to having Joanne and "Aunt Luella" here next week - lithe & sulph like after their color tour of the North.

PS David Ray - there's some pigeons you've got!

Love -

Bill Morel.

3610 Bainbridge
Bloomington, Ind. 47401
October 15, 1973

Dear Folks,

The Robin arrived Saturday, and I'm going to rush it to the mail to see if it can reach El Paso before Uncle Joe leaves on Thursday.

We're going to try to see Joe in B. G. with Joe Wilson. One of these days we'll get to Lebanon to see Sylvia, Bob, Rob, and Aunt Audrey, but probably not this time. We only have the weekend and Uncle Joe says you can't go to B. G. this Saturday.

Bloomington is delightful this month. We're so pleased to be near the country. Last night we walk to the end of our street where there's a farmer's bean field. As Bill says, it's better than 1 1/2 hours, as we had to drive in Berkeley.

We've been to one opera the students at I. U. produce and enjoyed it immensely. I think of you often, Scott, as I go past the campus.

It's a real nice place.

I'm going to miss the mail if I don't finish this. I have something to say which I could say more eloquently, perhaps with more time. I haven't looked at anyone's post date and I don't know what happens to whom. We were all to blame certainly. But there needs is TOO LONG for this bird to take. Let's let each of us reassess ^{her} his commitment and decide whether we want the bird to continue or not. I really do. And I want to be counted in. If somebody else doesn't, he or she could either send it on after reading it or write the person before on the ~~the~~ schedule not to send it. I love to hear from every one who puts in and don't want any of you to stop writing. Just write sooner. And we will too.

Love,
Don

10/16/73

Dear Joe,

Thanks for the seminar report, which I found interesting.

I have a friend in Ludington whose husband, H. R. Mundhenke, was an economics professor at Texas Christian. Did you know him? Esther has invited me to live with her in St. Petersburg this winter. I may go down for a while.

We have had the most beautiful fall weather, but today the wind is high, and the clouds look like snow.

I plan to leave tomorrow
for L'ville via Bloomington.
After a few days of seeing my
kin, Louella, Loy and wife, and
I plan a trip through the
Smokies and to Williamsburg.
I expect to be back to Scottville
before Thanksgiving.

I recently spent four days with the grandchildren, who were a lot of fun. Laura insists she is taking a tape recorder to school so that she can play back to her teacher her incessant chatter. L. thinks this would change the teacher's ways. I said 'Laura, don't you know that is what got Nixon, Walden, Erlichman, et al. in ~~trouble~~ ^{trouble}.' ~~in trouble~~

deep trouble?"

Lana retorted, "Gram, have you ever seen a kid on Watergate?"

Pam broke up with her boyfriend just before Homecoming and kept discouraging Bah's progress on her dress for the big dance, as she was just sure she wouldn't be asked by another boy. On the day that she and Larry reconciled their differences, she rushed in announcing, "Full speed ahead on the dress!"

I have been wondering if you can use the two nice hats you sent Ed. They are size 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ and are in perfect condition.

I feel sure you will enjoy your retirement & once you experience its rewards.

Love, Grandma

Wed. Oct. 24, 1973
El Paso, Texas.

Dear Robins;

Joe arrived home yesterday afternoon from his trip to Bowling Green and Nashville. Had a wonderful time at both places. It was so good so many of you could get in a visit. Emily and Bill were good to do so much driving to get there. I was glad Joanna could work it in with her trip. Then, Sylvia, Glenn and Bonnie got there, too! As well as Joe Wilson. You all can't know how much it means to us CLD folks for you to work in these visits. My nephews have been so good to Joe and me, always, but especially these past few years when we have lost our brothers and sisters. "Bless you".

The pictures were fun to see. Jenny is a beauty and Joshua is all we could expect. So big and healthy. Wish I could have been there.

Joanna, I'll write you by the time you get home. We are hoping you can get in a visit to El Paso this winter. We'd love to have you ANYtime, but our winters are very nice. You and I might take a train trip down into Mexico. We have enjoyed your letters.

We missed Barb and Bill this go round. Come in with a good report. Tell us about your trip. Know you had a good time.

Ruby was so good at remembering cute sayings of the young ones. Not only her nieces and nephews, but kids she had in school. Jack always got such a kick out of their sayings, also. One that our Toni said, I still plan to send in to Readers Digest. It is: once when she was Judy were about three years old. We were visiting in Amarillo and took Judy and Toni to dinner. When we got ready to order dessert Toni said she wanted ~~the~~ chocolate ice cream. The waitress said, "We don't have any chocolate ~~ice cream~~, would chocolate sundaes be all right?" and Toni said: "no I want it NOW". We all, especially the waitress came to pieces and as we left the waitress was muttering to herself.... "I want it now".

Scott, glad some of the kin got to Bardstown. Louise was glad to see you. First thing you know, you'll be out for Christmas. I was hoping we could work in a winter vacation, but we have a "conflict of interest".

We celebrated Joe's and Dorothy's birthdays in Oct. Now in Nov. we have Joely's, mine, Judy's and Beth's, in that order...not to mention David's and Dorothy's anniversary! THEN Christmas. We hardly get over one crises before another one.

Joe Wilson, tell Wilma she was nice to sub for you so you could get to Bowling Green to see Joe, but hope she can get a letter in this go round. I know how busy all of you stay, but it is a busy time of your lives.

We will get this old bird on his way tomorrow with hopes it will be back before 1974!

Love and best wishes to all,



Dear Robin:

Enjoyed hearing from everyone again. And was glad to see the picture of Joe Harmon & now we have a face to go with the name.

David's young bird raising season is over! He won the last two races - one was from Pecos, Tx., the other from Midland, Tx. Now his wife can relax and not have to follow such a rigid feeding schedule.

Halloween will soon be here and Beth's school is having their annual Halloween carnival. Her room's booth is "The Wishing Well". So a few of us mothers have to don a costume of some sort and run the booth. It should be fun.

Finally remodeled the closet. Changed it from entering into it from the den so that now it has the door in the living room; there already was a closet in there so now we have louvered doors all the way across. Reading over this last paragraph

I can't make heads or tails
of it so I doubt anyone else
will be able to either.

Everybody take care

David & Dorothy

Nov. 20, 1973

Dear Robin—

Well, what has happened to the fall? It's practically Xmas already, and it seems like I just got back from Ky.

The activities which all are involved in are truly amazing. What an interesting and varied lot of stories and anecdotes the Robin tells!

My fall has been very busy. I enclose programs from 2 shows I did this semester. The campus newspaper reviewer called my staging and direction for "Stop the World" "brilliant"

(2)

and incentive". How about that?

Am now readying for Thanksgiving - may go to Toronto for a few days - then our Fall dance concert and the end of classes.

off to Lisbon, Madeira, the Canary Islands, & Casablanca over Xmas and New Year's. My first European trip - look forward to it. And Africa too!

Indiana & UTEP have had such lousy football seasons, maybe we better send them some of Joe Wilsons team to help out!

Happy holidays!

Scott

CHAMBER SINGERS
presents

STOP THE WORLD - I WANT TO GET OFF

Book, music and lyrics by
Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley

Directed by	Scott Ray
Musical Direction by	Howard Kilbury, Jr.
Scenery Design by	Kathleen M. Lewicki
Lighting Design by	Edgar W. Swift
Costume Design by	Doug A. Smith

State University College of Arts and Science
Wadsworth Auditorium
November 9 and 10, 1973
8:15 PM

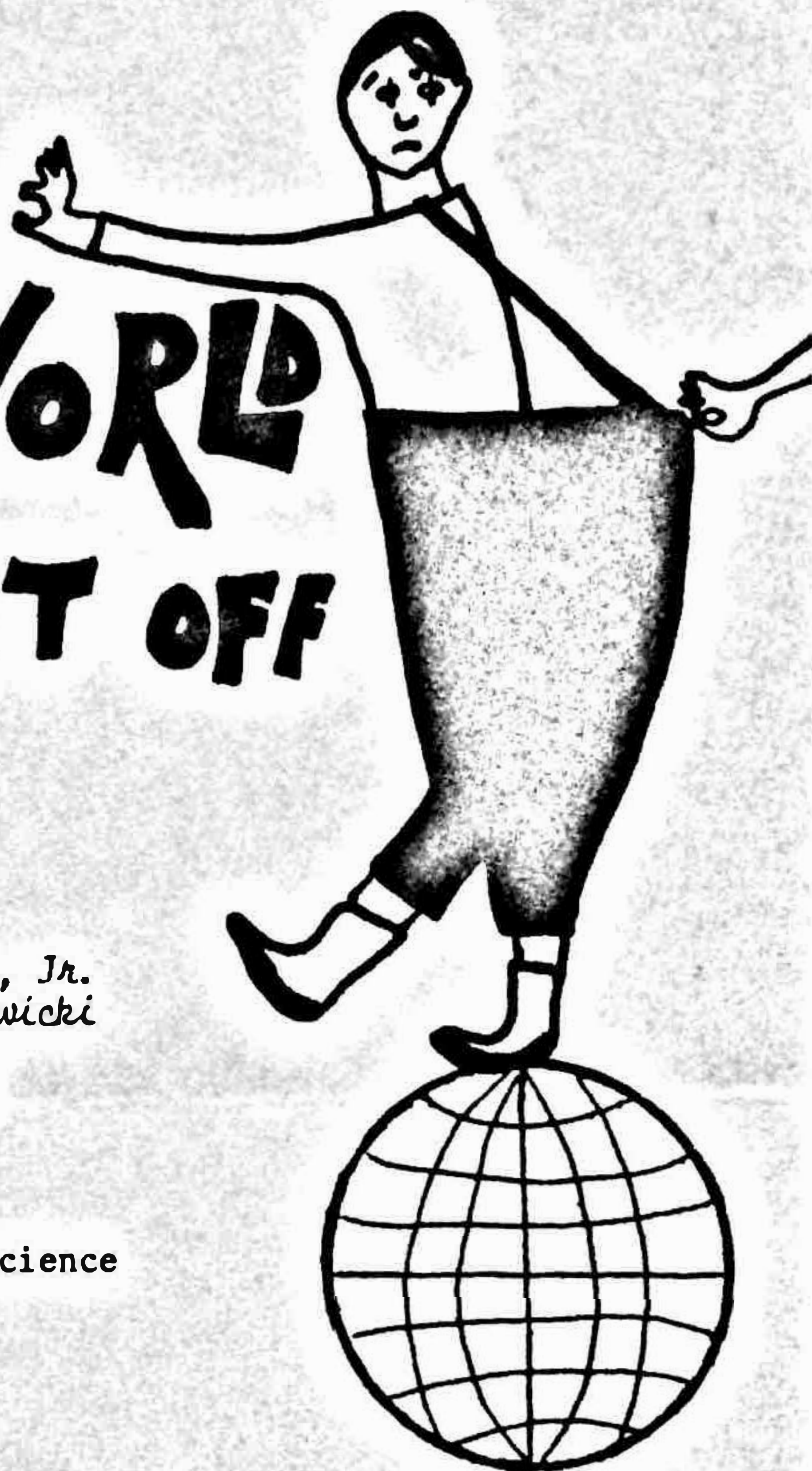
C A S T

LITTLECHAP	Romeo M. Cecilia
EVIE (also Anya, Ilse, and Ginnie)	Susan L. Wagner
JANE	Diane Michele Cup
SUSAN	Deborah Blakeslee
BOY	Jeanne Wood
DEATH FIGURE	Carol Cornicelli
CHORUS	
Leslie M. Bixby	Laura L. Lewis
Janice Carr	Cheri Marx
Marcia Downey	Jane Portela
Patricia Grassi	Diana Squicciarini

Understudies Rick Romito, Jane Portela, Carol Cornicelli

THERE WILL BE ONE INTERMISSION

This show is produced by arrangement with, and the music and dialogue material furnished
by TAMS-WITMARK MUSIC LIBRARY, INC., 757 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017



MUSICAL NUMBERS

Act One

OVERTURE Orchestra
THE A.B.C. SONG Chorus
I WANNA BE RICH Littlechap
TYPICALLY ENGLISH Evie
LUMBERED Littlechap
WELCOME TO SLUDGEPOOL Chorus
GONNA BUILD A MOUNTAIN Littlechap
GLORIOUS RUSSIAN Anya
MEILINKI MEILCHICK Littlechap and Anya
FAMILY FUGUE Littlechap, Evie, Susan, Jane
TYPISCHE DEUTSCHE Ilse
NAG, NAG, NAG Littlechap, Evie, Susan, Jane

Act Two

ENTR'ACTE Orchestra
ALL-AMERICAN Ginnie
ONCE IN A LIFETIME Littlechap
MUMBO JUMBO Littlechap
WELCOME TO SUNVALE Chorus
SOMEONE NICE LIKE YOU Littlechap, Evie
WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I? Littlechap

ORCHESTRA

Pianos	Howard Kilbury, Jr. Ronald Berger
Bassoon	Rebecca Roll
Percussion	Peggy Butler

PRODUCTION STAFF

Production Co-ordinator E. Sotery Zulia
Assistant Production Co-ordinator Patricia Roza
Technical Director Kathleen M. Lewicki
Assistant Director Joseph M. Kowalski
Stage Manager Ernest Zulia
Assistant Stage Manager John Mangano
Property Manager James Miller
Prop Crew Nancy Ridenour
Assistant Lighting Designers Kathleen M. Lewicki, Brian Penney
Lighting Crew Carl Holt, Brian Penney, Debbie Evans, Jim Gray
Sound Technician Ro Kaestner
Assistant Costume Designer Ann McMahon
Costume Consultant Naomi McCracken
Costume Crew Ann Berkoff, Lee Weisberg, Rebecca Dvorin, Sue Spoth
Makeup Designer Doug A. Smith
Makeup Supervisor Joanne Pedian
Box Office Manager Scott Whipple
House Manager Laurel Smith
Publicity Scott Clugstone
Construction Crew Students of Intro to Theatre and Stagecraft Classes
Paint Crew Scott Whipple, Pat Roza, Ernest Zulia, John Mangano,
Peter Corrallo, Ed Quinn, Susan Weyer

**The Musical Theatre Club
in conjunction with
The Departments of Music and Drama
present**

COMPANY

A MUSICAL COMEDY

**MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
Stephen Sondheim**

**BOOK BY
George Furth**

*Stage Direction by Robert E. Sinclair
Musical Direction by Daryl Hanson
Musical Numbers staged by Scott Ray
Lighting Design by Edgar W. Swift
Scenery Designed by Rachel France*

**State University College of Arts and Science
Wadsworth Auditorium
October 17, 18, 19, & 20, 1973
8:15 p.m.**

CAST OF "COMPANY"

ROBERT Steven Cupo
 SARAH Jeanne Zermahlen
 HARRY..... Steven J. Misenhimer
 SUSAN..... Maureen Halloran
 PETER..... John Mangano
 JENNY Marcia Dowsey
 DAVID Ernest Zulia
 AMY..... Liz Andryaszczuk
 PAUL Scott A. Whipple
 JOANNE Patricia Roza
 LARRY Peter J. Corrallo
 MARTA Cheri Marx
 KATHY..... Denise Durante
 APRIL Deborah Blakealee
 DANCER..... Carla Roetzer
 THE VOCAL MINORITY..... Barbara Lawrence
 Kathy Pease, Mary Cullen, Deborah Feldstein

PLACE: New York City

TIME: Now

THERE WILL BE ONE INTERMISSION

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

Overture Orchestra, Vocal Minority
 Company..... Ensemble
 Little Things..... Joanne & Ensemble
 Sorry-Grateful..... Harry, David & Larry
 You Could Drive A Person Crazy April, Marta & Kathy
 Have I Got A Girl For You Husbands
 Someone Is Waiting Robert
 Another Hundred People Marta
 Getting Married Today..... Jenny, Amy, Paul & Ensemble
 Finale Act I Vocal Minority

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT TWO

Entr'acte Orchestra
 Side By Side By Side Robert & Ensemble
 Poor Baby Wives
 Tick-Tock Dancer
 Barcelona Robert, April
 Night Club Ensemble
 The Ladies Who Lunch Joanne
 Being Alive Robert & Ensemble
 Finale Ultimo Orchestra
 Bows Vocal Minority & Ensemble

ORCHESTRA

DARYL HANSON, CONDUCTOR

Violins

Sally Rowell
 Richard McKenzie
 Barbara Shorter

Cello

Linda Buyce

Bass

David Lippitt

Electric Bass

Susan Gustavson

Electric Guitar

Linda Buyce

Trumpets

C. Edward VanZandt
 Robert Leander
 Jim Peck

Horns

Darwin Gustavson
 John Deutech

Trombone

Robert E. Rude

Woodwinds

Flute and Piccolo
 Carol Blandell

Clarinet and Tenor Sax
 Wello Albro

Clarinet, Bass Clarinet,
 Alto Sax, E^b Clarinet
 Chester Rowell

Flute

Gay Greene

Clarinets

Laura Wheeler
 June Baxter
 Kathryn Jamison

Baritone Sax

David Prescott

Percussion

Arthur Foo
 Peggy Butler

Piano, Harpsichord
 Howard Kilbury, Jr.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Technical Director Edgar W. Swift
Assistant Set Designer Ed Colcord*
Assistant Lighting Designer Michelle Rae Destazio
Stage Manager Brian Penny
Assistant Musical Director Howard Kilbury, Jr.
Set Construction Crew Michelle Rae Destazio,
Maureen Halloran, Kathy Lewicki*,
Tony Reitano*, Rick Romito*,
Ervina Donovan, Sharon Johnson,
John McKee, Sarah Priestman,
Allen Craig, Ed Quinn and
Students of the Stagecraft Class
Lighting Crew Students of the Lighting I Class
Running Crew *Sets* Felice Kempler,
John McKee, Barbara Rodell
..... *Lights* Pat Bradley, Carl Holt,
Melanie Farkas, Susan Miramon
Sound Rick Romito*, Tony Reitano*
Property Mistress Laurel Smith
Assistant Property Mistress Christine Penny
Head Seamstress Naomi McCracken
Costume Coordinator Doug Smith*
Wardrobe Mistress Susan Spoth
Makeup Designer Doug Smith*
Business Manager Pat Roza
Box Office Manager Rosemary Hage
House Manager Joe Kowalski
Prop Crew Carol Cornicelli, Felice Kempler,
Nancy Palmetier, Joanne Pedian
Hair Joanne Pedian
Publicity *Director* Judith Anderson*
..... *Artist* Ernie Renaud

* Member of Alpha Psi Omega, National Drama Fraternity

Special thanks to Mrs. Reverdy Wadsworth, Mrs. James J. Wadsworth, Mrs. Robert McClelland and the Mt. Morris Furniture for the loan of the furniture in this production.

Rights for this production are from:

Music Theatre International

Dear Aunt Joanna,

Yes, I did go back to work for a short time but the younger children were not happy with the arrangement

so I stopped working for a while.

I was working 11-7 at night at a local hospital.

My greatest satisfaction has come from my children not a job.

We live in one of the best school districts in Westchester so of course we are paying a premium price for our home.

I am still trying to get a job in a doctor's office which would be from 9-5. In the hospital the day shift would be 7-3 and I would not be home to get the younger children off to school.

It is my firm belief that if it is possible going away to college is preferable to living at home. Independence is so important

May your Christmas be filled over with love and happiness

Next year * with two days in college at the same time it would help if I could work.

Frank and I have made several trips to Europe. I've had my fill of travel for a while.

Frank Jr., 20 in March, is in his second year at Bucknell University. He is majoring in American Studies which will probably lead to a Teaching career.

Philip, 18 in May, is in his senior year and plans to go to Boston College in the fall. He plans to major in

Business Administration.

During the summer Phil & Frank both work at the Siding, a restaurant in Chappqua. Phil work also during the school year. 3 days a week. Phil is a cook & Frank a waiter. Jim is 14 and his speciality is science. He is in 8th grade. Martha is 11 and the only girl I have. Eddie is 9 and being the youngest of



the drawing board, inc.

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Artist: M. Lungwitz

03156

course adorable.

Spain. Jim.

Love Dates



CHRISTMAS
IS
LOVE

This is a vintage Christmas card with a black and white, high-contrast design. The background is dark with a light, speckled texture. A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the central text. The text is arranged in three lines: 'CHRISTMAS' in a large, bold, serif font; 'IS' in a smaller, similar font; and 'LOVE' in a large, bold, serif font. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of early 20th-century holiday cards.

Dec 26, 1973

Dear Robin,

My mother doesn't approve of my paper, but she is holding Jack and I can't find the stationary.

We had a fine Christmas and are still celebrating with dinner at Grandma's today. Everyone came to our house except Bill is at the hospital waiting for a biopsy to be done so he may not get here in time to write this time. He missed a good dinner, too.

We are all thinking of Jack and his surgery today. We tried to call him a little while ago but found no one home. The time difference and visiting hours are a little uncertain in our minds. We hope he recovers in record time.

Bill and I had a wonderful time and a wonderful trip right after Thanksgiving. We went to the Michigan-Ohio State game. It was grand to be there and see those Ohio State fans with right before our eyes. (My apologies to any of you Ohioans who may be fans of Woody Hayes) For us it was a great day and I can hardly wait to see them get mixed out in the Rose Bowl.

The next day we got a plane in Detroit and flew to Grand Cayman Island. It is 500 miles south of Miami and 100 miles south of Cuba. We had to land in Miami and get permission to fly over Cuba. We got a good look at Cuba both times we flew over it. Grand Cayman is a small island (22 x 7 miles) surrounded by coral reefs. Our hotel was on a ^{beautiful} beach that stretches

fr'ever mix along. we pick up the island the
any number out there. but all made the
into colonies then felt that you. The all mixed
it as easy to turn. I don't think I could work
there on a calm day. Really that's not all I
did like to know.
They have had some and a lot of (of it)
on the ship, but we had just given up the idea
about of the necessary and spent the day
drift over looking when we got there and were
chased it. I don't know what a mistake.

Most of the people like of the accident
or worse. I have not any of them, or found
ships, and we might be, just beautiful water
the regulation, not any luck. It's not in coral
don't and seem quite good for growing things. I
didn't know that coral doesn't grow like this
our beaches. We could walk through it in the
night and see in comfort.

The people were just great. I have never
planning with island and no party. They
really are new to tourists. They are a part of
the fact that India and I have the same
when you want to be independent. I just hope
it always stays just like this. I hope and finally
like all over the place and it may not be the
same as a few years. I hope you have the same
the island and we are all happy. I have
will just call and be as long from the
hospital. We are going home now. I see if the
you found the truly and smiling about it
of the island

Best

Love to all of you. It was great to meet all

Dec. 26, 1973
Scottville, Mich.

Dear Robins:

This bird is about to take off like one of Jo Ray's ducks - most of which are sold to a neighbor, two only remain as fugitives - lurking in the frozen weeds or nesting in the barn. This Epistle seems to have "nested" several times this winter so I'm responding promptly to encourage migration.

We struggled up here from Bloomington to the Ray Farm on Sat. Dec. 22, arriving at 1:35 am (Lorella's timing) and just in time for home made soup & hot bread from the oven (got timing!). Josh & Jenny made the trip tranquilly enough; "Ralph" stayed home to keep the castle. Since arrival, we've been pursuing the usual holiday things - first: eating - then, sleeping, reading, long walks, visits to neighboring farmers & lots of chit chat.

Christmas was mightily jolly here - a lovely tree from Sutters' farm, lots of goodies & gifts. Jenny, of course, tended to be the focal point but Santa favored all of us generously. Joshua now has four (or maybe five) ^{little} things, for example.

We're missing Ed Ray a lot. It's obvious & I might as well say it. And his absence makes us care all the ~~the~~ more for each other and for all of you out there. Joe R. is in the hospital today and he has our prayers & best wishes for rapid recovery. Happy 1974 to you all. Bill M.

Scottville
December 26, 1973

Dear Robin,

This is Robin letter - writing time in the family room of the Ray household. Barbara and her kids have come out today for a scrumptious dinner. Bill couldn't come. He called later to say his patient had delivered a baby girl. He missed one of Grandma Jo's good dinners.

Yesterday we all had another big delicious dinner at Barbara's house. It was a happy time, though I'm sure we all felt our loss. Santa came to Grammy's in the morning - got to Sutters at 3 AM - and we all had a good time enjoying presents all morning. Later in the morning Jenny commented that she sure was glad Santa had come and she was glad that he hadn't brought her a chunk of coal. She had been worried the night before that she hadn't been good enough. We would ask her what she had done bad, and when she would mention one thing or another, Gram and Aunt Luella would say, "That wasn't bad. That was just dumb." Later Jen asked Aunt Luella why she was worried that he might not visit her. Aunt Luella replied, "Well, I let you fall out of bed last night." "That wasn't bad" judged Jen, "that was just dumb."

Aunt Luella has been up here with Mother

since before Thanksgiving. She certainly gives us a lot of comfort just being here with us. She will probably go back south with us. Hopefully, I won't get snowed in too badly when the January storms come. She will come on some time later after she gets her income tax done.

We missed Uncle Joe's letter this go round. It must have gotten lost. The pictures are nice. Rob's picture in the chair is precious. Uncle Joe, you do a good thing with your photographic documentation of our gatherings. Judy is getting so tall. They are all cute kids.

We're going into Sudington and will drop this for Bill Suttler's contribution, if he can make one.

Happy New Year to you all. If we just hang on through all our various crises, we should be all right. 1974 could be gloomier than 1973 - things can and may get a lot worse. Hopefully 1974 will be brighter.

Love,

Em

Scattville, Michigan
December 26, 1973

Dear Folks,

Happy 1974 to all!

The Robin arrived here a week before Emily was to come, and so she and I decided by phone that I should hold it for her arrival. They were lucky to get here between ice storms, arriving Sunday morning at 1:35. We were so relieved and happy to see them.

We had a delicious turkey with all the trimmings dinner at Barbara's Tuesday. Today all but Dr. Sutter had pork roast here. We say now that we will fast the rest of the week.

This is our second Christmas with rain instead of snow. The storms have passed us by so far, but we have had some low temperatures such as -18° . We have the thermostat set on 64° and keep a fire in the fireplace and are very comfortable. Had 2000 gal. of fuel oil to start the winter.

I am enjoying the grandchildren. This little Joshua is the sweetest and best baby I have seen in a long time. He never cries but gives everybody a big smile for the slightest attention. Jimmy was excited over Santa.

I hope all of the sufferers from bugs have recuperated and are enjoying holiday festivities. Beas so

for have not found this farm. The good doctor recommended the all-purpose flea shots, and seemingly they have accomplished their purpose.

Joe, the pictures added much to the Robin. They are excellent.

We talked with Jettie last night. Joe had gone into the hospital for tests and will have surgery on Friday. We are thinking of both of you and hope this ordeal will be as light as it can possibly be. Not the best way to spend one's holiday vacation, at best!

I had a nice Christmas letter from Vivian - cards from Jim Ed and Martha, Lorice McDonald, Lucille, and Louise Richards.

Thanks for the beautiful cards from all of you.

The baby son of friends of ours at Fraser High School who was born just before Christmas was named Edward Ray Fahren.

Love,

Joanna

December 26 1973

Dear Robins,

I will not guarantee the quality of this letter because I am only a typeing one student who uses a manuall typewriter at school and I am now fighting with /Grams electric typewriter.

We all had a g reat Christmas. It was really nice having everyone in Michigan for the holiday. We all got lots of gifts and santa was very nice to everyone.

So far I am having a nice senior year. I am looking forward to graduation but I have yetnot made any plans for college. School has been keeping me busy.

The snow has all melted because of our rain on Christmas Day. I guess that ends all my skiing plans for vacation.

Little Josh seems to be enjoying the season even if he doesnot understand what its all about. He sure is a sweet little kid.

Jenny has been a real good * girl too. Laura has been chairwomin for all her 6th grade parties. She loves responsibility and bossing others around.

Susie^fslooking forward to High School next year. Shes been taking alot of good craft classes in school like lapidary, woodworking, +rug hooking. She made some really nice Christmas presents.

Eric has been keeping his sisters busy trying to corral his energy. Mom says all little boys act like he does but sometimes its hard to believe anyone could act so bad.

* I cant think of much else to say. I hope your all in good health and enjoying life.

Love to all,

Pa m

MISSION CORNER

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." - Mark 16:15.

The Board of Global Ministries is "in the business" of involving people in mission. For over a century the sending and supporting of missionaries from the church in the United States to over 30 countries overseas has been a high priority means of fulfilling Christ's mandate to be "sent" people for the sake of disciplining the nations including our own.

Personnel from the United States are recruited and selected relative to the personnel situation where the work is to be done. Sometimes a short term assignment is appropriate while a national is completing his preparation. In some instances the church needs a new emphasis in ministry that can help fully be provided by expatriate personnel. The missionary and deaconess are not content with getting a job done, as important as this is, but are increasingly concerned with the development of the native resources - including and especially people - for the ministry of Jesus Christ at its manifold expressions in the particular situation.

What is the definition of the missionary today? The missionary is to be used by God to extend, strengthen, and unify the Christian community, not as an end in itself, but for the life of the world. The missionary must have something of a divine restlessness, a sensitivity to needs, and be a searcher and researcher for ways to meet those needs. Specifically, the missionary or deaconess goes to a group of people for these reasons - to meet shortages, to fill gaps in the church's work, and to do what needs to be done in providing expertise that isn't already present, to work in fellowship to develop the other persons, to provide specific knowledge, insight, and skill needed by a minority Christian community, to contribute to the outreach of the church through evangelism and involvement in the life of the larger community, to embody the worldwide concern of Christians for each other and witness to their unity in Christ, to bring to each situation a sense of concreteness to the personal and historical reality of the Kingdom of God.

If you are seeking vocational direction, or wish to explore appointment possibilities within the whole church in its varied occupational opportunities in the United States write to the Office of Personnel, Board of Higher Education and Ministry, Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.

If you desire information on the field of missions in The United Methodist Church you may write to Office of Missionary Personnel, Room 1373, Board of Global Ministries, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

If you cannot go in the field in person, you may want to send the only thing that you have to share, your support in prayer and in money. You may do this in your local church through the Louisville Annual Conference. May God bless this conference and

Cont'd. next column

MISSION CORNER CONT'D.

other conferences as we endeavor to do the task that the Lord Jesus Christ has given into our hands.

-Joseph W. Harmon

(For the Section of Missionary Education and Cultivation, Division of Missions, Conference Board of Global Ministries)

LEON SMITH BEFORE SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE

A United Methodist Board of Discipleship staff member was among religious and civic leaders appearing as witnesses before the Senate Subcommittee on Children and Youth September 24-26.

"American Families: Trends and Pressures" was the subject of the subcommittee hearings chaired by Senator Walter F. Mondale (D-Minnesota).

Dr. Leon Smith, director of marriage and family life education, testified September 26, a day after anthropologist Margaret Mead told the committee, "This country is in terrible disarray. Rich and strong and of nations we may be, but we seem to have lost any concern for those who are young or weak, old or poor."

Dr. Smith proposed to the committee that a "National Institute for Families" be established as one way to implement the basic concern for children, youth, and families and that the chief officer of such an institute have Cabinet status. Purpose of the institute, he suggested, would be to foster family well-being through research, education, and action programs.

"As I see it, the Institute would have the power to review all governmental policies affecting families and to make recommendations to the proper authorities in all branches of government."

Dr. Smith shared with the committee his "dream" for a "Family Action Network" which would include more than a million members joining in action programs to strengthen family life in the nation.

"In local communities all across this land, members would form task forces to work on particular problems or issues affecting families where they live," he suggested. "At the national level we would study the structure of society and help them become aware of their effect on families--including the mass media, business, education, medicine, religion, and government."

FILM ON UM HISTORY UNDERWAY

A new color motion picture on the history of the United Methodist Church will be filmed in mid-October. The film is designed to be used in United Methodist membership training and confirmation classes, church school groups studying church history, family night programs or other general church gatherings. Produced by United Methodist Communications. Producer, Jim Campbell; writer/director, Donald Hughes, both of UMC staff, Nashville. Approximately 22 minutes. Expected release is mid-1974.

DEATH BENEFITS FOR DEPENDENTS

Section II. The Benefit for a Child of a Deceased Minister

Para. 149-150, Rules and Regulations of the General Board of Pensions. A child of a deceased ministerial member of an Annual Conference, including a child legally adopted, whose deceased father or mother, at the time of the death, the disability leave, or the attainment of age sixty-five and retirement of the deceased parent was a currently participating member of the Ministers Reserve Pension Fund, shall receive an annual benefit equivalent to 5% of the conference average salary while under age sixteen, and 10% of such average salary from age sixteen to age eighteen. Such benefits, to be paid in monthly installments, shall become effective upon the date of the minister's death and shall cease on attainment of age eighteen.

Para. 149-150, Rules and Regulations of the General Board of Pensions. Such child while between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five shall receive an educational benefit equivalent to 10% of the conference average salary for each academic year of attendance as a full-time student in a standard school or college, up to but not to exceed four such years. Satisfactory certificates of enrollment and attendance in school or college shall be provided periodically as may be required by the General Board of Pensions in order for this benefit to be paid.

ENVIRONMENTAL PROGRAM AVAILABLE AT UNION

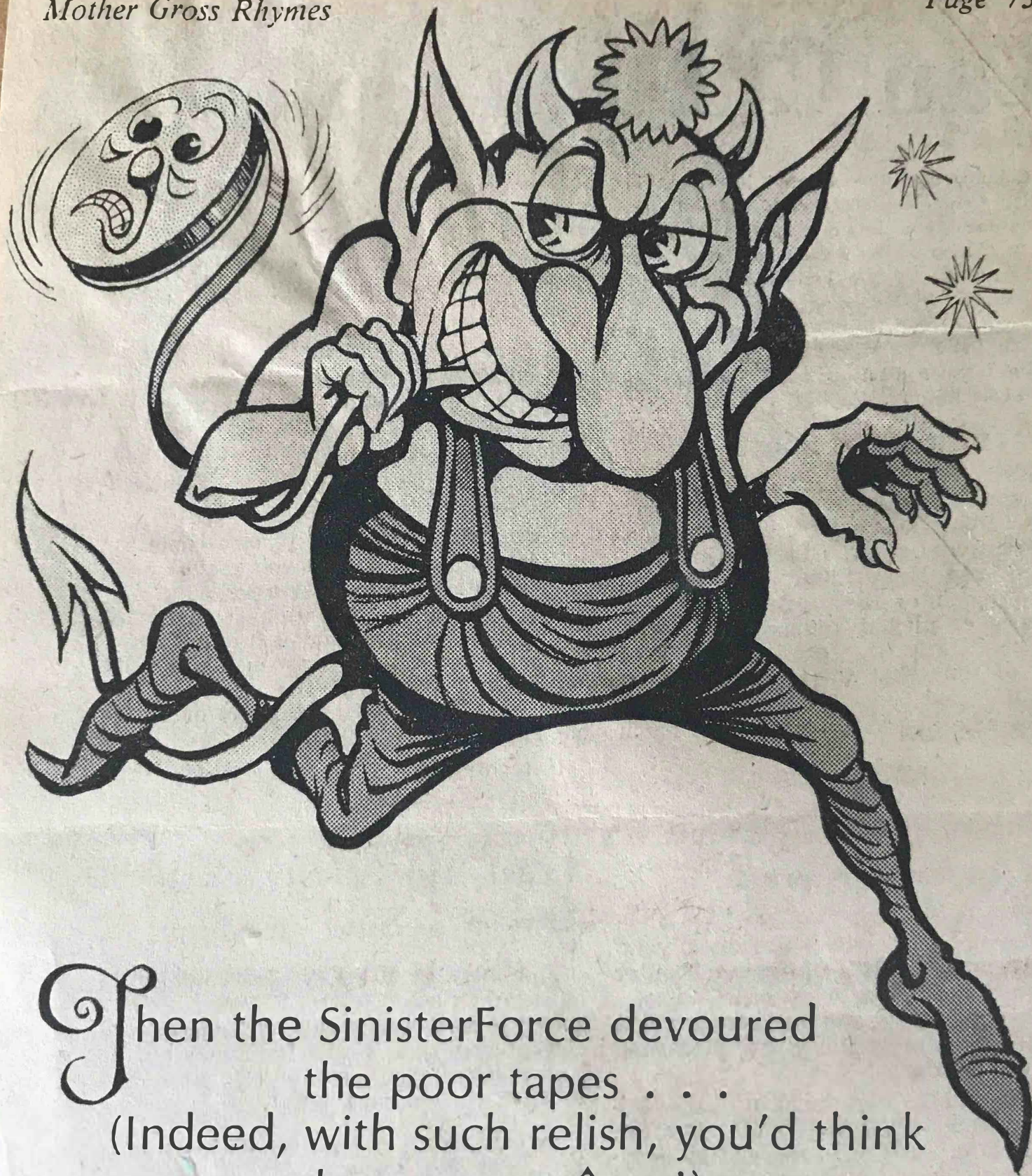
BARBOURVILLE, Ky.-- A unique Environmental Semester program, for upper-level college students from any college or university, will be inaugurated by Union College next semester. The program will be based at the college's Environmental Education Center in the Cumberland Gap National Historical Park near Middleboro, beginning February 5, 1974.

The Environmental Semester is a full term of concentrated, inter-disciplinary study of the environment, including the scientific, sociological and political aspects of the vital issues facing the world today.

Activities will include lectures, field trips, research projects, reports, seminars and informal discussions. Sixteen semester hours of academic credit, in natural or social sciences, may be earned in the program, and they are transferable to the student's home college or university.

FILMSTRIP ON CHAPLAINS IN PRODUCTION

Production on a new filmstrip interpreting the work of the Division of Chaplains and Related Ministries will begin this month. Executive Producers are Dr. Airmell Bailey, exec. secy., Division of Chaplains and Related Ministries and The Rev. Earl Wood, UMC staff, Evanston. Writer/director/photographer is John Clayton, film maker, New York City. Fred Rowlen, UMC staff, Nashville, will serve as Producer/sound engineer. Expected release is late fall.



Then the SinisterForce devoured
the poor tapes . . .
(Indeed, with such relish, you'd think
they were crêpes!)
He ate all eighteen minutes, each
bit and each crumb . . .
Leaving only the wail of a
SinisterHummmmmmmmmmm!



































Notes on the back of the pictures:

1. 1971 - We give a New Years Party every year. I like to cook and love parties.
2. Mary & Joe Alfona and I in Puerto Rico 1970. Frank's taking the picture.
3. Frank & I with Friends in Majorica Spain 1970
4. Our house 11 room house
5. 1966 Jimmy 7 years old. He is now 14. This is the one child who will reach 6'2" like his father. Sorry I don't have a later picture.
6. 1967 Eddie 3 years old. Background - Frank Jr. 13 years old
7. Eddie 5 years old. He is now 9 years old.
8. 1969 Philip 13 years old. He is now 17 1/2. Eddie and Philip look exactly alike.
9. 1969 Frank Jr. 15 years old. Jim looks exactly like Frank.
10. 1969 Martha 7 years old. She is now 11 and 5' tall. An adorable young lady. Looks like her father.
11. Yes I remember turning the swing over (in response to Joanna's question to her). My children are just as energetic as I was. We are all busy all the time.
12. 1971 We took a trip cross country three summers ago. Jim, Martha, Eddie in picture. We own a trailer. The whole family went. The year before Frank was a senior. I knew it would be our last year to go together.
13. June 1972 Frank Jr. graduation. Frank Sr and I. Only one son is going to be as big as their father. That is Jim.
14. 1972 I like to cook. I make a gingerbread house each year for us and one for the church.
15. Salerno, Italy 1969 Frank Sr.
16. Frank Sr at the Coliseum in Rome
17. Pillars of church above Catacombs near Rome, Italy 1969

Joely
Marie
Person
7 22 73
Age 4 1/2





for the lay
Robert Lay
Jenny Moore